

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand.* By Richard A. Cruise, Esq. Captain in the 84th Regiment of Foot. 8vo. pp. 321. London 1823. Longman & Co.

A vivid and somewhat painful interest is attached to the portion of our globe which Captain Cruise has made the subject of the volume now before us. It is true that we have several recent publications on the same topic, and more or less entitled to regard; but still there were many unknown particulars to develop; respecting the singular and savage people of New Zealand, and we rejoice to see the task undertaken by an author, whose intercourse with the natives lasted for so long a period as to afford him the desirable opportunities for observing their customs and manners. He has accordingly detailed many curious facts with which we were previously unacquainted, and added an entertaining page to the history of these cannibal tribes, who possess so fine a country, and whose habits partake of all that is terrible and hideous in the existence of man. Cunning and treacherous, cruel and bloody, we hardly know a race of human beings whose moral degradation marks lower upon the scale than that of the New Zealander; for, though superior in intellect to many of the aboriginal Africans, and now for years accustomed to European precepts and efforts at civilization, the traits which are unfolded present but one mass of base and horrid character. The present narrative places this melancholy truth in as strong a light as even the massacre of the Boyd's crew; and we perceive that it was but the consciousness of an overawing force which prevented the execution of designs equally atrocious and inhuman, by the actors in that sanguinary scene, and their infernal compatriots.

The *Dromedary*, after carrying out a cargo of convicts to Botany Bay, sailed to New Zealand, in the hope of obtaining a lading of spars of the kaikaterre, or of the preferable core of cowdy tree; represented as being admirably adapted to supply the wants of the navy, and to grow in abundance in these parts. Mr. Marsden, the worthy missionary, and several chieftains of New Zealand (who had been at Sydney) were passengers in the vessel, which made a safe passage, and reached, in about ten days, the Bay of Islands. Here, says Captain C.—

"Before the ship was brought to, she was surrounded with canoes, full of the friends and relations of the chiefs we had on board. To salute them, as well as to exhibit the riches they had acquired by their visit to Port Jackson, our New Zealanders began firing their muskets without intermission, and, indeed, so prodigal were they of their powder, that one might presume little of it would remain after their handling for the destructive purposes for which they had gone so far to procure it. When their fathers, brothers, &c. were admitted into the ship, the scene extended description; the muskets were all

laid aside, and every appearance of joy vanished. It is customary with these extraordinary people to go through the same ceremony upon meeting as upon taking leave of their friends. They join their noses together, and remain in this position for at least half an hour; during which time they sob and howl in the most doleful manner. If there be many friends gathered around the person who has returned, the nearest relation takes possession of his nose, while the others hang upon his arms, shoulders, and legs, and keep perfect time with the chief mourner (if he may be so called) in the various expressions of his lamentations. This ended, they resume their wonted cheerfulness, and enter into a detail of all that has happened during their separation."

One of these chiefs was named Jetero, whose "wife, whom he had not before seen, arrived, and presented him with a boy that had been born during his absence. The infant had light hair, and was singularly fair, but the sobs and lamentations that immediately followed the meeting of the parties, deprived us of all further communication with the chief, and were prolonged during the greater part of the night."

Weyere (the chief, and this Jetero's brother) ordered nearly the whole tribe to perform a dance in honour of his visitors; and it is thus described:

"Preparatory to the dance, the upper mat or garment is laid aside by both men and women; after which, the performers, having ranged themselves in a line one or sometimes two deep, begin beating their breasts, and frequently joining in choras with an individual who repeats a song. The action of the arms, the gestures of the body, and the contortions of the countenance, are very violent, and often frightful; in dancing, the parties stamp vehemently with the feet, but seldom move to any considerable distance from the place where they originally ranged themselves. It is singular how simultaneous even the slightest motion of the fingers is, with all the individuals in the group, be their number what it may; no irregularity is perceptible in the time and manner of their movements."

"At a later period of our residence in this country, when the natives had frequent opportunities of seeing our people dance, they observed, and with a degree of ridicule, that no two white men ever moved their arms or legs in the same manner."

Soon after the arrival of our countrymen, a warlike expedition of the natives returned from an incursion upon a distant tribe, and much of their character is exposed on the occasion.

"The fleet was composed of about fifty canoes, many of them seventy or eighty feet long, and few less than sixty. Their prows, sides, and stern-posts were handsomely carved, and ornamented with a profusion of feathers; and they generally carried two sails made of straw matting. They were filled with

warriors, who stood up and shouted as they passed our boat, and held up several human heads as trophies of their success."

"The barter of powder and muskets, carried on by the whalers, had already distributed some hundred stand of arms among the inhabitants of this bay; and, as the natives of the river Thames were unprovided with similar weapons, they made little opposition to their more powerful invaders, who, in the present instance, told us they had killed 200, while they returned with the loss of only four men."

"Before we met the canoes we had pretty well learned the result of the expedition from Tooi, who, notwithstanding his long residence in England, and his having returned to New Zealand under the immediate charge of one of the missionaries, still scrupulously adhered to the barbarous prejudices of his country, and gave a striking proof of the difficulty of eradicating the habits of savage life in a person of mature age."

"His conversation during breakfast was a continued boast of the atrocities he had committed during an excursion, which he and Krokro had made two months before, to the river Thames; and he dwelt with marked pleasure upon an instance of his generalship, when having forced a small party of his enemies into a narrow place, whence there was no egress, he was enabled successively to shoot two-and-twenty of them, without their having the power of making the slightest resistance. To qualify this story, he remarked, that though all the dead bodies were devoured by his tribe, 'neither he nor his brother ate human flesh, nor did they fight on Sundays.' When asked why he did not try to turn the minds of his people to agriculture, he said it was impossible; 'that if you told a New Zealander to work, he fell asleep; but if you spoke of fighting, he opened his eyes as wide as a tea-cup; that the whole bent of his mind was war, and that he looked upon fighting as fun.'

"The beach was covered with natives, waiting the return of the expedition; and, as the canoes approached, they waded out to meet them, and assisted in hauling them on shore and in landing the prisoners and the baggage."

"The warriors were in their full dress, their hair tied up in a bunch on their heads, and ornamented with white feathers, and their faces and bodies besmeared with oil and red ochre. They recounted to the groups that surrounded them, the different events of their excursion, with much gesture and energy; while the captives sat patiently upon the beach, awaiting the lot which was to consign them to their respective masters. They consisted of men, women, and children; some of the latter not two years old; and forlorn as their situation was, they seemed to have paid as much attention to the ornamenting of their persons, as those who were placed in more fortunate circumstances."

"Among the women there was one who

excited particular interest: she was young and handsome; and though the other prisoners occasionally talked among themselves, she sat silent and alone, and appeared lost in affliction. We learned that her father, who had been a chief of some consequence at the river Thames, was killed by the man whose prisoner she now was; and we observed him sitting at no great distance from her during the greater part of the day. He was the brother of Towi, the principal person at Rangehoo, and was a singularly fine-looking youth. The extraordinary scenes that we witnessed detained us in the neighbourhood of Tippona until evening; and, as we were preparing to return to the ship, we were drawn to that part of the beach where the prisoners were, by the most doleful cries and lamentations. Here was the interesting young slave in a situation that ought to have softened the heart of the most unfeeling.

"The man who had slain her father, having cut off his head, and preserved it by a process peculiar to these islanders, took it out of a basket where it had hitherto been concealed, and threw it into the lap of the unhappy daughter. At once she seized it with a degree of frenzy not to be described, pressed its inanimate nose to her own, and held it in this position until her tears ran over every part of it. She then laid it down, and with a bit of sharp shell disfigured her person in so shocking a manner, that in a few minutes not a vestige of her former beauty remained. She first began by cutting her arms, then her breasts, and latterly her face. Every incision was so deep as to cause a gush of blood; but she seemed quite insensible to pain, and performed the operation with heroic resolution.

"He whose cruelty had caused this frightful exhibition, was evidently amused at the horror with which we viewed it; and, laying hold of the head by the hair, which was long and black, offered to sell it to us for an axe, turned it in various ways to show it off to the best advantage, and when no purchaser was to be found, replaced it in the basket from whence he had taken it. The features were as perfect as when in life, and though the daughter was quite grown up, the head of her father appeared to be that of a youthful and handsome man."

This touching example of filial piety, we learn, afterwards - - married her father's murderer—a New Zealand parallel to the dame of Ephesus. But what are we to expect from these ruthless savages? What follows will tell.

"We were visited by many of the neighbouring chiefs, and, among others, by Perehico, the man to whom we had brought the news of the death of his child at Port Jackson, and as he had lost the use of his limbs, he was hoisted up in the chair. A fine little child, the son of a British sailor by a native woman\*, was observed in a canoe alongside, and its mother consented, after some hesitation, to permit it to come on board. She seemed very fond of it, and was quite uneasy during its absence from her. It was nearly naked, but as fair as if it had been born in England; and it naturally excited so much interest in the ship, that it was returned to its parent with a very comfortable supply of clothing and several days' provisions. One of the men who had been employed in cutting food

for the bullocks reported, that curiosity having led him to lift up a mat, which he saw spread upon the ground near King George's village, he discovered underneath it the body of a recently murdered child, with the entrails taken out, as if preparatory to its being devoured. The story was so shocking, and almost incredible, particularly as the New Zealanders are very fond of their children, that no belief was attached to it, until it was corroborated by the testimony of some of the other men who were with him.

"One of the officers of the ship having visited the missionaries' settlement at Tippona, was presented with a human bone, curiously carved. The person who gave it to him, assured him that he had purchased it from a chief of Wangaroon, who had set a high value upon it, from the circumstance of its being the rib of one of the crew of the Boyd.

"During the stay of the gentlemen of the Dromedary at the Bay of Islands, two cookees, belonging to a chief of the Rangehoo tribe, were killed for some alleged crime. The body of one was thrown into the sea, while that of the other, after having lain buried one day, was taken up and devoured.

"The gentlemen happening to pass through the village of Rangehoo at the time of this cannibal feast, observed the natives particularly active in throwing their mats over some object round which they were sitting, when they saw the strangers approach. The gentlemen, of course, continued their walk without appearing to notice what they had seen; but a sailor belonging to the Catherine, who followed at some distance, and in whom the natives probably thought that the horrible spectacle would excite less disgust than in their superiors, was not only an eye-witness of their eating the body, but was invited to partake of the repast."

But the climax of this disgusting practice is yet to come.

"Though well aware (Captain C. assures us) of our abhorrence of cannibalism, they never denied it to be one of their customs; on the contrary, they too often expressed their predilection for human flesh. The limbs only of a man are eatable, while, with the exception of the head, the whole body of a female or a child is considered delicious.

"Besides the crew of the Boyd, other Europeans have from time to time fallen victims to their ferocity: but they describe the flesh of a white man as tough and unpalatable when compared to that of their own countrymen, and they attribute its inferiority to our universal practice of using salt with our food.

"It is from superstitious motives that they devour their enemies when slain in battle: but there is every reason to conclude that anthropophagy is practised on other occasions.

"Instances occurred during our residence among them, and under the eyes of Europeans, of female slaves having been murdered for crimes too trifling to justify such severity; and as their bodies were immediately cut up, washed, and removed to a place where they could be eaten without interruption; and as the intended feast was publicly mentioned by the natives themselves, it is to be presumed the horrid propensity was gratified."

This must have been a pretty subject for conversation with these cannibals: our flesh tingles here at home, at the thoughts of a chat touching the relative flavours of our bones—gnawing and the more tasty picking

of those of a person who did not spoil his carcass by eating salt. In other respects the natives, though they pretend to this delicate relish, are sufficiently filthy in their food:—

"—To the inexpressible astonishment of the islanders, two whales that came into the Bay of Islands, were attacked by the boats of the whale ships, and killed. After the blubber had been cut off, the carcass floated on shore.

"The flesh of the whale being considered by these people a first-rate delicacy, they gathered from every corner of the bay to feed upon it. Innumerable quarrels took place upon the back of the fish, and even the native girls, who lived as servants to the missionaries, and were fed as well as their masters, either abandoned their employment to take their station at the carcass of the whale, or insisted that some of it should be purchased for their consumption."

Yet "The New Zealand women are as fair as those of the southern parts of Europe, well-made, and, in general, handsome. Before matrimony, concubinage is scarcely considered a crime, nor is it an impediment to the highest connexion; after it, they are faithful and affectionate wives, and very fond of their children. They bear with the greatest patience the violent conduct of their husbands, who, considering women as beings infinitely inferior to themselves, often treat them with great brutality."

Other points of their character are thus described:

"It would be difficult to define what their religion is. They have innumerable superstitions, but no idolatry. They believe that the chiefs when they die go to a very happy place, but that the Cookee has no further existence beyond this world. They address prayers to the sun, to the moon, to the stars, and even to the winds, when their canoes are becalmed or in a storm; but their prayers emanate from casual circumstances, not from any regular form or time of adoration. They believe in a Supreme Being, designated 'the Atua, or something incomprehensible; the author of good and evil; the divinity who protects them in danger, or destroys them by disease. A man who has arrived at a certain stage of an incurable illness, is under the influence of the Atua; who has taken possession of him, and who, in the shape of a lizard, is devouring his intestines; after which no human assistance or comfort can be given to the sufferer, and he is carried out of the village, and left to die. He who has had his hair cut is in the immediate charge of the Atua; he is removed from the contact and society of his family and his tribe; he dare not touch his food himself; it is put into his mouth by another person; nor can he for some days resume his accustomed occupations, or associate with his fellow men. An elderly female, or kind of priestess, of the tribe of any warrior, who is going to fight, abstains from food for two days, and on the third, when purified and influenced by the Atua, after various ceremonies, pronounces an incantation for the success and safety of him whom she is about to send forth to battle. But the attributes of the Atua, are so vague, and his power and protection so undefined, and there is moreover such a want of unanimity among the people themselves in many things relating to him, that it is quite impossible to discover any thing like system in their theology.

"Their general food is the koomera, or

\* Captain C. was induced to believe that the generality of this class were eaten, which accounted for so few being seen.



sweet potatoe; the root of the fern, roasted and pounded; the indigenous taro, which is very sweet; the common potatoe; the cabbage plant; and fish, which they take in great abundance. They dry their fish in the sun without salt, and it continues good for many months. They use an immense quantity of cockles; and though they sometimes eat pork, it is only on great occasions; they generally reserve it to barter with the Europeans. The pigs run wild in the woods, and are caught with much difficulty and with the assistance of dogs, which themselves are sometimes eaten, and are considered a great delicacy. Dogs and rats are the only native quadrupeds of the island; the former are like our fox in shape, but variable in the colour; and the latter are so much smaller than the European rat, that a chief expressed a wish for an importation of some from England to improve the breed, and thereby give him a more bountiful meal. The taro plant, which has been imported from Otaheite, is cultivated by a few natives with much success. Their appetites are immense; and all their food is cooked in one and the same manner, namely, in hot stones covered over with leaves and earth, so as to form a kind of oven; and, certainly, their vegetables and cockles are particularly good when dressed in this way. They were very fond of our biscuit; and though it was literally so full of vermin that none of us could eat it, the tribes in the neighbourhood of the ship very eagerly bartered for it their potatoes and the other esculent plants introduced into the island by Captain Cook. Reckless, however, of the future, they had soon disposed of their little stock, and they afterwards lived in comparative misery."

[The conclusion in our next.]

#### BUTLER'S REMAINS.

Vol. I. Part II. 8vo. London 1823. C. Baldwin.

MUCH as he has been praised, and popular as he has been, we have always felt a doubt whether the genius of Butler had received its full meed of fame. We are well aware of the estimation in which it must be held by those most competent to judge, and who have studied his page most deeply; but the topics on which he wrote were of a temporary nature, and as their personal and political allusions gradually dimmed and became lost, the profundity of the intelligence, the richness of the humour, and the brilliancy of the wit which he lavished upon them, and which were universal—belonging to all ages—have not perhaps been so generally and highly appreciated as they deserve. At least, we who are among his enthusiastic readers suspect this; and we rejoice to see such a work as the present, eminently calculated to procure a revival of the theme, and with it, we are convinced, a new epoch of admiration for the Author of *Hudibras*.

When the First Part of the Volume was published, above a year ago, we did justice to its beautiful execution in paper, printing, and embellishments; in all of which it is a credit to the press and to the liberality of its proprietors. This Part, which completes the first volume, and the first moiety of the work, is in the same style with its precursor, and consequently claims equal praise. A Head of Butler, engraved on wood by J. Thompson, is so finely done, that we think it might deceive many artists, and be mistaken for an excellent copperplate. The other illustrative pieces, especially "The Medicine Taker,"

are humorous in design and cleverly executed. They are worthy of the text; and of the text what can we speak but in commendation? Were we to look to novelty only, we should quote in proof of this the parts taken from Butler's MSS. in the possession of the Editor; but there are passages which he has copied (with improvements and additions) from Thyer, which we cannot pass even to arrive the sooner at the original matter. The Part opens with a Continuation of the Fragments in verse, in which we find all the depth of thought and sparkling of *Hudibras*—the same inexhaustible fund of comparison and illustration. Here is a sprinkling of instances:

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd  
To regulate the errors of the mind,  
By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vex'd,  
Have made the comment harder than the text;  
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint;  
But break the bones in pieces of a point;

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,  
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false;  
And still, the more 'tis us'd, is wont t' abate  
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,  
Until 'tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,  
Like those that are less artificial;  
And, therefore, students in their ways of judging  
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon;  
And by their over-understanding lose  
Its active faculty with too much use:  
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,  
Is but the next of all remov'd from none—

It is opinion governs all mankind,  
As wisely as the blind, that leads the blind:

As no tricks on the rope, but those that break,  
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,  
Are worth the sight; so nothing goes for wit,  
But nonsense, or the next of all to it.

Pedantry and pedants are exquisitely portrayed in the following:

For pedantry is but a corn, or wart  
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art;  
A stupified excrescence, like a wen,  
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,  
That never grows from natural defects  
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,  
But from the over-curious and vain  
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he, that once stood for the learnedest man,  
Had read out Little-Britain and Duck-Lane,  
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body  
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;  
Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos,  
To read all authors to him with their glosses,  
And made his lacqueys, when he wak'd, bear folios  
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scolias,  
To be read to him, every way the wind  
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;  
Had read out all th' imaginary duels,  
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;  
Had crackt his skull, to find out proper places,  
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;  
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,  
To play with packs of sciences and arts,  
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,  
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy;  
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,  
That come in dry fats o'er from Frankfort fairs,  
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames—  
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Ger-  
Was wont to scatter books in ev'ry room, [mans;  
Where they might best be seen by all that come;  
And lay a train, that nat'rally shou'd force  
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;

\* Probably meant for Selden.

And all this with a worse success than Cardan,  
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,  
When lighting on a philosophic spell,  
Of which he never knew one syllable,  
Presto, be gone! h' unriddled all he read;  
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

To the Fragments succeed *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, which, we are told, "were among many of the same kind fairly wrote out by Butler in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them, as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, a thing very usual with him, cannot be ascertained." From these we select a few specimens, which we think distinguished for sagacity, spirit, or humour:

Should once the world resolve t' abolish  
All that's ridiculous and foolish,  
It wou'd have nothing left to do,  
T' apply in jest or earnest to,  
No business of importance, play,  
Or state, to pass its time away.

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed  
In wild fig-trees, and when th' are grown up, feed  
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,  
And by their nibbling on the outward rind  
Open the pores, and make way for the sun  
To rip'n it sooner than he would have done.

The truest characters of ignorance  
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;  
As blind men use to bear their noses higher,  
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

As thistles wear the softest down,  
To hide their prickles till they're grown;  
And then declare themselves and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near:  
So a smooth knave does greater feats  
Than one, that idly rails and threats,  
And all the mischief, that he meant,  
Does like a rattle-snake prevent.

Dame fortune, some men's tutelar,  
Takes charge of them without their care,  
Does all their drudgery and work,  
Like fairies, for them in the dark,  
Conducs them blindfold, and advances  
The naturals by blinder chances:  
While others by desert or wit,  
Could never make the matter hit,  
But still, the better they deserve,  
Are but the abler thought to starve.

Opinion governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind;  
For he, that has no eyes in his head,  
Must be b' a dog glad to be led;  
And no beasts have so little in 'em  
As that inhuman brute, opinion.

Hypocrisy will serve as well  
To propagate a church, as zeal;  
As persecution and promotion  
Do equally advance devotion:  
So round white stones will serve, they say,  
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

All love at first, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets, until 'tis fine;  
But when 'tis settl'd on the lee,  
And from th' impurer matter free,  
Becomes the richer still, the older,  
And proves the pleasanter, the colder.

Love is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess:  
For, could it hold inviolate  
Against those cruelties of fate,  
Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,

It wou'd become a bliss too high,  
For perishing mortality,  
Translate to earth the joys above,  
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

—In the Church of Rome to go to shrift  
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

An ass will with his long ears fray  
The flies, that tickle him, away;  
But man delights to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All smatt'ers are more brisk and pert,  
Than those that understand an art;  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

In all the world there is no vice  
Less prone t' excess than avarice:  
It neither cares for food, nor clothing;  
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

To his Mistress.

Do not unjustly blame  
My guiltless breast,  
For vent'ring to disclose a flame  
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd  
For ever to have lain,  
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,  
Made it break out again.

Epigram on a Club of Sots.

The jolly members of a toping club,  
Like pipstaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;  
And in a close confederacy link,  
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

These specimens afford fair grounds on which to form an opinion of this Volume, and of Butler, if he had never written Hudibras, the various readings of and additions to which follow them; though we have already gone too far to do more than refer generally to these interesting tracings of his mind, and to the prose compositions that conclude the whole. The impression produced is, that Butler greatly improved on his original ideas. But we have done; and heartily commend this work to the public, with only three further extracts to exemplify this portion:

Part III. line 535.

Law is like the labyrinth  
With the two form'd monster in't,  
That us'd to eat men's flesh, and devour  
All that it got within it's pow'r.

Line 69.—Hudibras's Epistle to his Lady.

Love, like honour's privileg'd,  
And cannot be by oaths oblig'd,  
No more than what a witness swears  
Is valid in his own affairs;  
And love has nothing to pretend,  
But its own interest and end.

A Military Journal during the American Revolutionary War, from 1775 to 1783: with Historical Facts and Anecdotes, &c. &c. By James Thacher, M.D. late Surgeon in the American Army. 8vo. pp. 603. Boston. Richardson & Lord. 1823.

THE Doctor is what may be called a thick and thin historian: if he is a practitioner of the same sort, we should not like to be among his patients, for he spareth not. It is clearly shown, according to his prescription (we beg pardon, statement,) that all the British engaged in this contest were blood-thirsty, cruel, cowardly rascals; while their American opponents were all humane, elegant, chivalrous fellows. Wherever they met, of course the latter beat the former, though only one to

two or three in number; and whenever there was any murdering (of which there was much, secretly and publicly, without and with the forms of law,) the British invariably committed the crime like savages, and the Americans like polished cut-throats. All this is very gratifying; for who would choose to be burnt, or stuck, or even hanged, ungenteelly? and we look upon a doctor's as the best evidence in the world of the properest manner of sending people out of it.

Seeing, however, that Doctor Thacher's testimony was somewhat of the "lengthy" order, we turned to his table of Contents as a guide to the principal points; and we were much amused by the very miscellaneous index, of which the following items are a fair specimen:—

"Companies of minute men formed" (not Lillipetians, but militia, ready at a minute's notice); "Liberty poles erected, and tories disciplined" (i. e. "received from the rabble a coat of tar and feathers, and in this predicament exposed to the scoffs and ridicule of the populace;"); "The author passes a medical examination;"; "A view of General Washington;"; "Bite of a rattle snake;"; "Master Trotter's dancing school;"; "Battle of Germantown;"; "A remarkably large child;"; "Shaking Quakers;"; "Dinner at Head Quarters, and public execution;"; "A remarkably large ox presented to General Washington;"; "Defeat at Penobscot;"; "Mr. Murray's preaching;"; "Committee of Congress visit camp;"; "Remarkably big-headed boy at Tatawa;"; "French fleet and army arrive;"; "Virtues of Butternut;"; "Lord Cornwallis and his enormities;"; "Of the ladies of the army;"; "Battle of the Kegs;"; and such like hotch-potch. But though, as a history, this publication is a sad piece of penmanship, we hope to be able to extract from its absurdities, at least, as many examples as will serve to entertain our readers, not one of whom will, in all human probability, ever see the book whence they are taken.

The Dedication is to His Excellency John Brooks, Esq. Governor of Massachusetts, and commences with a sentence which we may quote as a tolerably correct sample of the author's best style. He says—

"It is with peculiar felicity that your Excellency is recognised as one among the few survivors of that heroic band, who have been crowned with military honors for glorious achievements at an era when our republic was in its infancy, and in peril for its existence." And concludes by wishing that "the benedictions [not the blessings] of heaven" may be his Excellency's future reward.

The learned Doctor then comes to the marrow of the case, and declares that the "contents of these sheets refer more to details of military manœuvres and the internal police of camps, than to projects and events which decide the fate of nations;" which being explained, he adds, most modestly, though not very intelligibly, as far as the English language is concerned, that "this production may moreover subserve the purpose of an epitome of the history of the revolutionary contest."

The great question is, how far the subserving of this "Epitome" can be relied on? The Doctor is no doubt a fit person to tell

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug  
Did scour these English hence;

but we regret to observe, that in treating of the land's disease at its crisis, he seems to

describe the symptoms in a very fanciful, not to say incredible manner. The famous battle of Bunker's Hill affords an early opportunity of ascertaining his great historical merit of impartiality. The British crossed the river, and our candid chroniclers says—

"They formed in two lines, their officers haranging them probably in such language as this:—'Those cowardly rebels must and shall be put to flight. See the dastardly Yankees with rusty guns, and scarcely a bayonet among them. March on, my lads, march on, show them that you are Britons; show them these dazzling arms, and bayonets bright and sharp, and you shall soon see them take to their heels and run.' Hear the voice of Putnam, of Prescott, and Warren. 'See, my brave soldiers, that phalanx approaching; these lines must and shall be defended; these are the cruel enemies to your freedom; they have come to enslave you; remember their barbarous murders of our friends at Lexington; fight manfully and they shall be vanquished; reserve your fire till their near approach, then with a sure aim cut them down, cut them down, and the victory shall be ours.' The regulars deliberately advance to the attack, the grenadiers in front. The Americans reserve their fire till the enemy are within eight or ten rods, that they may do effectual execution; when, by a general discharge of musketry and field artillery, several officers and men are seen to fall, 'their ranks are thinned; see the ground covered with the slain; see those wounded officers borne off the field.' The conflict becomes close, and such are the fatal effects of the incessant and furious discharge of our musketry, that the regulars retreat in disorder, and many of them flee even to their boats. The officers greatly agitated pursue their men, and threaten them with their swords; with great difficulty they are rallied, and commanded to advance again to the attack. The provincials are prepared, and when sufficiently near, a deadly fire from their ranks puts the enemy a second time to flight, leaving such numbers of dead and wounded that several of their officers exclaim, 'It is downright butchery to lead the men on afresh against the lines.' At this critical moment, Major General Clinton, who till now had been a spectator with General Burgoyne on Copp's Hill in Boston, passed over and entered the field, just in time to unite his efforts with those of the other officers for the purpose of forcing the regulars to renew the attack. The Americans still remain firm and courageous at their posts; but unfortunately it was now discovered that their powder was nearly expended, and another supply could not be procured."

They, however, retire with inconsiderable loss and in good order!! To this story, evidently written on the model of the ancient classical historians (the only difference being that they gravely put speeches into the mouths of Commanders, whereas Dr. Thacher gives only what his leaders would probably barangue), we shall subjoin a few specimens of his "historical facts," which it will readily be believed are entirely new.

"It is asserted from Boston, that on the evening when Major Knowlton set fire to the houses in Charlestown, 8th instant, the farce of 'The Blockade of Boston,' of which General Burgoyne is the reputed author, was to be performed. The figure designed to burlesque General Washington, was dressed in an uncut style, with a large wig and long rusty sword, attended by his orderly sergeant in his



country dress, having on his shoulder an old rusty gun, seven or eight feet long. At the moment this figure appeared on the stage, one of the regular sergeants came running on the stage, threw down his bayonet, and exclaimed, 'The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker's Hill.' Those of the audience who were unacquainted with the different parts, supposed that this belonged to the farce; but when General Howe called out, *Officers, to your alarm posts!* they were undeceived; all was confusion and dismay; and among the ladies, shrieking and fainting ensued. How pure the satisfaction to a great mind employed in burlesquing those Yankees by whom they are besieged!

The next is equally important as a point of history:

"I am credibly informed that the following anecdote occurred on the day of signing the declaration (of Independence.) Mr. Harrison, a delegate from Virginia, is a large portly man—Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, is slender and spare. A little time after the solemn transaction of signing the instrument, Mr. Harrison said smilingly to Mr. Gerry, 'When the hanging scene comes to be exhibited, I shall have the advantage over you on account of my size. All will be over with me in a moment, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone.'"

This dread of hanging seems to have predominated even among the highest ranks; for we are told of General Washington himself, that

"While retreating through the Jerseys with an army not exceeding three thousand five hundred men, and deeming our cause as almost desperate, he said to Colonel Reed, passing his hand over his throat, 'My neck does not feel as though it was made for a halter, we must retire to Augusta county in Virginia, and if overpowered we must pass the Alleghany mountains.'"

More facts of like momentous interest and certain veracity crowd upon us.

"It is my lot (says the Doctor) to have twenty wounded men committed to my care, by Dr. Potts, our Surgeon-General; one of whom, a young man, received a musket-ball through his cheeks, cutting its way through the teeth on each side, and the substance of the tongue; his sufferings have been great, but he now begins to articulate tolerably well. Another had the whole side of his face torn off by a cannon-ball, laying his mouth and throat open to view. A brave soldier received a musket-ball in his forehead, observing that it did not penetrate deep, it was imagined that the ball rebounded and fell out; but after several days, on examination, I detected the ball lying flat on the bone, and spread under the skin, which I removed. No one can doubt but he received his wound while facing the enemy, and it is fortunate for the brave fellow, that his skull proved too thick for the ball to penetrate. But in another instance, a soldier's wound was not so honourable; he received a ball in the bottom of his foot, which could not have happened unless when in the act of running from the enemy. This poor fellow is held in derision by his comrades, and is made a subject of their wit for having the mark of a coward. Among the most remarkable occurrences which came under my observation, the following is deserving of particular notice:—Captain Greg, of one of the New York regiments, while stationed at Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk river, went with two of his soldiers into the woods a short dis-

tance, to shoot pigeons; a party of Indians started suddenly from concealment in the bushes, shot them all down, tomahawked and scalped them, and left them for dead. The captain after some time revived, and perceiving his men were killed, himself robbed of his scalp, and suffering extreme agony from his numerous wounds, made an effort to move and lay his bleeding head on one of the dead bodies, expecting soon to expire. A faithful dog who accompanied him, manifested great agitation, and in the tenderest manner licked his wounds, which afforded him great relief from exquisite distress. He then directed the dog, as if a human being, to go in search of some person to come to his relief. The animal, with every appearance of anxiety, ran about a mile, when he met with two men fishing in the river, and endeavoured in the most moving manner, by whining and piteous cries, to prevail on them to follow him into the wood. Struck with the singular conduct of the dog, they were induced to follow him part of the way, but fearing some decoy or danger, they were about to return, when the dog, fixing his eyes on them, renewed his entreaties by his cries, and taking hold of their clothes with his teeth, prevailed on them to follow him to the fatal spot. Such was the remarkable fidelity and sagacity of this animal. Captain Greg was immediately carried to the fort, where his wounds were dressed; he was afterwards removed to our hospital, and put under my care. He was a most frightful spectacle: the whole of his scalp was removed; in two places on the forehead his tomahawk had penetrated through the skull; there was a wound on his back with the same instrument, besides a wound in his side, and another through his arm by a musket-ball. This unfortunate man, after suffering extremely for a long time, finally recovered, and appeared to be well satisfied in having his scalp restored to him, though uncovered with hair. The Indian mode of scalping their victims is this:—With a knife they make a circular cut from the forehead, quite round, just above the ears, then taking hold of the skin with their teeth, they tear off the whole hairy scalp in an instant, with wonderful dexterity. This they carefully dry and preserve as a trophy, showing the number of their victims; and they have a method of painting on the dried scalp different figures and colours, to designate the sex and age of the victim, and also the manner and circumstances of the murder."

But these and other mixed extracts would lead us too far, and we must give the Doctor the benefit of another Pill.

*The Pioneers, or The Sources of the Susquehanna; a Descriptive Tale.* By the Author of "The Spy." 3 Vols. 12mo. London 1823. Murray.

VIVID pictures of American scenery, customs, and people, give *The Pioneers* an interest which is not to be found in the tale itself. The story resembles some of Mr. Hiram Doolittle's edifices, where the ground-work is forgotten in its decorations; and it is rather as a series of animated sketches, which would do credit to any tourist's note-book, than as a novel, that the work before us is entitled to commendation. Oliver Effingham, the hero, is a copy from Edgar Ravenswood, but with a more fortunate destiny. With all that final happiness of development which belongs so peculiarly to romance writers, he discovers that Marmaduke Temple, the apparent usurper

of his father's property, had but acquired possession of the lands by the Susquehanna during the troubles of the revolution in America, to ensure their restoration to the right owner at a more fitting season. Oliver marries the aforesaid Marmaduke Temple's daughter and heiress, Elizabeth; and all ends as a novel really ought to do. Some of the characters are very well drawn: the busy, the important, the tiresome little sheriff, is true to the very life; the lank apothecary; the circumstantial lawyer; the old Indian, Natty Bumppo, and his chivalrous companion in the stocks, Mr. Penguillan, or more familiarly, Ben Pump; Mrs. Hollister, and Remarkable Pettibones, are touched with much comic power. The scene in the stocks; Ben Pump's journal; the extracting the ball from Oliver's shoulder; Captain Hollister, (an Irish sergeant settled in America,) proving to his wife the excellent discipline of the Israelites, are excellent in their humour; and we must quote this last passage, as a specimen of argument to antiquarians:

--- "It was a very pretty fight, Betty, that the Israelites had, on that day, with the Amalekites. It seems that they fought on a plain, for Moses is mentioned as having gone on to the heights to overlook the battle, and wrestle in prayer; and if I should judge, with my little learning, the Israelites depended mainly on their horse, for it is written, that Joshua cut up the enemy with the edge of the sword: from which I infer, not only that they were horse, but well disciplin'd troops. Indeed, it says as much, as that they were chosen men; quite likely volunteers; but raw dragoons seldom strike with the edge of their swords, particularly if the weapon be any way crooked."

"Pshaw! why do ye bodder yourself wid taxts, man, about so small a matter?" interrupted the landlady; "sure it was the Lord who was wid 'em; for he always sided wid the Jews, at first, before they fell away; and it's but little matter what kind of men Joshua commanded, so that he was doing the right bidding. Even them cursed milishy, the Lord forgive me for swearing, that was the death of him, wid their cowardice, would have carried the day in old times. There's no reason to be thinking that the soldiers was used to the drill."

"I must say, Mrs. Hollister," rejoined her husband, "that I have not often seen raw troops fight better than the left flank of the militia, at the time you mention. They rallied very handsomely, and that without beat of drum, which is no easy thing to do under fire, and were very steady till he fell. But the scriptures contain no unnecessary words; and I will maintain, that horse, who know how to strike with the edge of the sword, must be well disciplin'd. Many a good sermon has been preached about smaller matters than that one word. If the text was not meant to be particular, why wasn't it written, with the sword, and not with the edge? Now, a back-handed stroke, on the edge, takes long practice. Goodness! what an argument would Mr. Whitfield make of that word edge!—As to the Captain, if he had only called up the guard of dragoons, when he rallied the foot, they would have shown the imity what the edge of a sword was; for, although there was no commissioned officer with them, yet I think I may say—the veteran continued, stiffening his cravat about the throat, and raising himself up, with the air of a drill-sergeant,—they were led by a man, who

know'd how to bring them on, in spite of the ravine."

We shall now treat our author as we should do a traveller, and select one of his pictures of Pennsylvania; a Shooting-match:

"The ancient amusement of shooting the Christmas turkey is one of the few sports that the settlers of a new country seldom or never neglect to observe. It was connected with the daily practices of a people, who often laid aside the axe or the scythe, to seize the rifle, as the deer glided through the forests they were felling, or the bear entered their rough meadows, to scent the air of a clearing, and to scan, with a look of sagacity, the progress of the invader.

"On the present occasion, the usual amusement of the day had been a little hastened, in order to allow a fair opportunity to Mr. Grant, whose exhibition was not less a treat to the young sportsmen, than the one which engaged their present attention. The owner of the birds was a free black, who had been preparing for the occasion a collection of game, that was admirably qualified to inflame the appetite of an epicure, and was well adapted to the means and skill of the different competitors, who were of all ages. He had offered to the younger and more humble marksmen divers birds of an inferior quality, and some shooting had already taken place, much to the pecuniary advantage of the sable owner of the game. The order of the sports was extremely simple, and well understood. The bird was fastened by a string of tow, to the base of the stump of a large pine, the side of which, towards the point where the marksmen were placed, had been flattened with an axe, in order that it might serve the purpose of a target, by which the merit of each individual might be ascertained. The distance between the stump and this point was one hundred measured yards: a foot more or a foot less being thought an invasion of the right of one of the parties. The negro affixed his own price to every bird, and the terms of the chance; but when these were once established, he was obliged by the strict principles of public justice that prevailed in the country, to admit any adventurer who might offer.

"The throng consisted of some twenty or thirty young men, most of whom had rifles, and a collection of all the boys in the village. The little urchins, clad in coarse but warm garments, stood gathered around the more distinguished marksmen, with their hands stuck under their waistbands, listening eagerly to the boastful stories of skill that had been exhibited on former occasions, and were already emulating in their hearts these wonderful deeds in gunnery.

"The chief speaker was the man who had been mentioned by Natty, as Billy Kirby. This fellow, whose occupation, when he did labour, was that of clearing lands, or chopping jobs, was of great stature, and carried, in his very air, the index of his character. He was a noisy, boisterous, reckless lad, whose good-natured eye contradicted the bluntness and bullying tenor of his speech. For weeks he would lounge around the taverns of the county, in a state of perfect idleness, or doing small jobs for his liquor and his meals, and cavilling with applicants about the prices of his labour, frequently preferring idleness to an abatement of a tittle of his independence, or a cent in his wages. But when these embarrassing points were once satisfactorily arranged, he would shoulder his

axe and his rifle, slip his arms through the straps of his pack, and enter the woods with the tread of a Hercules. His first object was to learn his limits, round which he would pace, occasionally freshening, with a blow of his axe, the marks on the boundary trees; and then he would proceed, with an air of great deliberation, to the centre of his premises, and throwing aside his superfluous garments, he would measure, with a knowing eye, one or two of the nearest trees, that were towering apparently into the very clouds, as he gazed upward. Commonly selecting one of the most noble, for the first trial of his power, he would approach it with a listless air, whistling a low tune; and wielding his axe, with a certain flourish not unlike the salutes of a fencing-master, he would strike a light blow into the bark, and measure his distance. A pause of a moment was ominous of the fall of the forest, that had flourished there for centuries. The heavy and brisk blows that followed, were soon succeeded by the thundering report of the tree, as it came, first cracking and threatening, with the separation of its own last ligaments, then thrashing and tearing with its branches the tops of its surrounding brethren, and finally meeting the ground, with a shock but little inferior to an earthquake. From that moment, the sounds of the axe would be ceaseless, while the falling of the trees was like a distant cannonading; and the daylight broke into the depths of the woods, with almost the suddenness of a winter morning.

"For days, weeks, nay, months, Billy Kirby would toil, with an ardour that evinced his native spirit, and with an effect that seemed magical; until, his chopping being ended, his stentorian lungs could be heard, emitting sounds, as he called to his patient oxen, the assistants in his labour, which rung through the hills like the cries of an alarm. He had been heard, on a mild summer's evening, a long mile across the vale of Templeton; when the echoes from the mountains would take up his cries, until they died away in feeble sounds, from the distant rocks that overhung the lake. His piles, or, to use the language of the country, his logging, ended, with a despatch that could only accompany his dexterity and Herculean strength, the jobber would collect together his implements of labour, light the heaps of timber, and march away, under the blaze of the prostrate forest, like the conqueror of some city, who, having first prevailed over his adversary, places the final torch of destruction, as the finishing blow to his conquest. For a long time Billy Kirby would then be seen sauntering around the taverns, the rider of scrub-races, the bully of cock-fights, and, not unfrequently, the hero of such sports as the one in hand.

"Between him and the Leather-stocking there had long existed a jealous rivalry, on the point of their respective skill in shooting. Notwithstanding the long practice of Natty, it was commonly supposed that the steady nerves and quick eye of the wood-chopper, rendered him his equal. Their competition had, however, been confined hitherto to boastings, and comparisons made from their successes in their various hunting excursions; but this was the first time that they had ever come in open collision. A good deal of higgling, about the price of a shot at the choicest bird, had taken place between Billy Kirby and its owner, before Natty and his companions had rejoined the sportsmen. It had, however, been settled at one shilling a shot, which was

the highest sum ever exacted, the black taking care to protect himself from losses, as much as possible, by the conditions of the sport. The turkey was already fastened at the 'mark,' but its body was entirely hid by the surrounding snow, and nothing left visible but its red, swelling head, and long, proud neck. If the bird was injured by any bullet that struck below the snow, it was still to continue the property of its present owner; but if a feather was touched in the visible part, the animal became the prize of the successful adventurer.

"These terms were loudly proclaimed from the mouth of the negro, who was seated in the snow, in a somewhat hazardous vicinity to his favourite bird."

We must add to these passages two or three portraits, not likenesses, we trust, for the credit of American countenances, just as a sample of this author's taste for painting the human face divine.

Firstly, Ben Pump: "He was about five feet two inches in height, of a square and athletic frame, with a pair of shoulders that would have fitted a grenadier. His low stature was rendered the more striking by a bend forward that he was in the habit of assuming, for no apparent reason, unless it might be in order to give a greater freedom to his arms, in a particularly sweeping swing, that they constantly practised when their master was in motion. His face was long, of a fair complexion, burnt to a fiery red; with a snub nose, cocked into an inveterate pug; a mouth of enormous dimensions, filled with fine teeth; and a pair of blue eyes, that seemed to look about them, on surrounding objects, with great contempt. His head composed full one-fourth of his whole length, and the queue that depended from its rear occupied another. He wore a coat of very light drab cloth, with buttons as large as dollars, bearing the impression of a foul anchor. The skirts were extremely long, so as to reach quite to the calf, and were broad in proportion. Beneath, there were a vest and breeches of red plush, somewhat worn and soiled. He had shoes with large buckles, and stockings of blue and white stripes."

Secondly, Remarkable Pettibone, "a middle-aged woman, dressed in calico, rather violently contrasted in colour; with a tall, meagre, shapeless figure, sharp features, and a somewhat acute expression in her physiognomy. Her teeth were mostly gone, and what did remain were of a light yellow. The skin of her nose was drawn tightly over the member, and then suffered to hang in large wrinkles in her cheeks and about her mouth. She evidently took snuff in so large quantities, as to create the impression, that she owed the saffron of her lips, and the adjacent parts, to this circumstance; but it was the unvarying colour of her whole face."

Thirdly, and lastly: "Doctor Elnathan Todd, for such was the unworthy name, of the man of physic, was commonly thought to be, among the settlers, a gentleman of great mental endowment; and he was assuredly of rare personal proportions. In height he measured, without his shoes, exactly six feet and four inches. His hands, feet, and knees, corresponded in every respect with this formidable stature; but every other part of his frame appeared to have been intended for a man several sizes smaller, if we except the length of the limbs. His shoulders were square, in one sense at least, being in a right line from one side to the other; but then they were so

narrow, support. His neck property and it w exhibit brown ling vis stant a wise."

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arrow, that the long, dangling arms that they supported, seemed to issue out of his back. His neck possessed, in an eminent degree, the property of length to which we have alluded, and it was topped by a small bullet-head, that exhibited, on one side, a bush of bristling brown hair, and on the other, a short, twinkling visage, that appeared to maintain a constant struggle with itself in order to look wise."

We suspect that there is an intimate connexion between the author of this Novel and him of the Long Finne: the latter bepraises the former, which indeed induced us to recur to this previous American (and Anglo-adopted) story.

The author of Koningsmarke is understood to be Mr. Paulding, the writer of The Backwoodsman, and Mr. Irving's conditor in Balmagundi: for the Pioneers, Spy, &c. the debt is due to Mr. Cooper.

## MEYRICK ON ANTIEN ARMOUR.

We proceed with some further illustrations of this valuable Work.

"The Normans introduced the art of shoeing horses, as at present practised, into England; and Henry de Ferrers, or de Ferrarils, who accompanied the Conqueror, took his name, it seems, from having been appointed to superintend the shoeing of the horses, a circumstance which his posterity commemorated in their armorial bearings. William also gave to Simon St Liz the town of Northampton, with the hundred of Falkley, then valued at 40*l.* per annum, on condition of providing shoes for his horse. We see the infancy of the art in the great value put on the production; and, indeed, so late as the time of Edward I. the rarity of horse-shoes is evident from their being demanded, besides the horse.

"The Franks in the ninth century used only to shoe their horses in winter; and it is probable that the Normans, in like manner, did not keep their steeds continually shod. That the mode of fastening the shoes in France was with nails, we learn from the discovery of one belonging to the horse of Childeric, which was found, with many other things, in his grave. This would intimate that the practice had been continued for about five centuries before the landing of the Normans in England."

"The national flag during the reigns of William the Conqueror and his two sons, is said to have been two leons-pardés, or lions passant-guardant, one being the device of Normandy, and the other that of Poitou; and that hence arose the mistaken idea that the ancient arms of the kings of England were leopards." The author adds in a note, "That this was a mistake is proved by the fact of our finding no instance of the arms of England blazoned as having leopards, while even heralds have thus termed the lions to a late period. The French call a lion passant-guardant a *lion léopardé*, and a leopard rampant a *leopard lionné*, a confusion of terms that will account for the error."

"Hereditary armorial bearings seem to have been first adopted about the reign of Henry II. Henry on his accession revived the lions of Normandy and Poitou, which had been the national device during the reigns of his uncles, and added to them that of Aquitaine. To his son Richard he assigned for arms two lions combattant, and to his son John two passant. The first were borne by Richard on his accession, the latter by John

before he was king, as appears from their respective seals at those times; but Richard on his second one, had engraved the three lions passant-guardant, as had been first adopted by his father."

"In the reign of Richard I. armorial bearings on the shields were common; thus the Earl of Ferrera is represented with his arms, with the bordure of horse-shoes on his seal; and Guillaume le Breton has two instances of this kind, where he speaks of Richard I. and of Lord Arundel,

'Behold! the Count of Poitou challenges us to the field—behold  
He calls us to battle: I know the scornful looks of On his shield.'

"Richard was then only Count of Poitou; but bore, as we have said, the two lions combattant during his father's lifetime.

"As Earl William closes with his upraised lance, He soos swifter than the wing of the swallow, which gives him

This title, and which device he bears on his shield."

This supposes that Arundel is derived from hirondele, a swallow.

So early as the beginning of the 14th century, that arm, which afterwards became so famous with the English and so fatal to their foes, was made an object of signal encouragement.

"Edward III. found it necessary to enjoin the practice of the bow, by two mandates during his reign. At this time a painted bow sold for one shilling and sixpence, and a white or unpainted one for a shilling. Arrows were sold at one shilling and two pence per sheaf, each sheaf consisting of twenty-four, if they had sharpened points, or piles, as they were technically termed; but if blunt-headed, they were one shilling per sheaf. The iron from which the best points were made, is said to have been that of anchor-flukes. At the battle of Poitiers the English archers resupplied their quivers by drawing the arrows from the dead bodies of their enemies. - - -

"The costume of the cross-bowmen at this period may be seen in an illuminated ms. in the British Museum. They wear on their heads skull-caps, and plate armour on their legs and arms, while their bodies are protected by jacks with large pendent sleeves. - - -

During this reign the cross-bowmen seem first to have been protected by pavisers, or men who held before them a very large shield, which was called a pavise."

As this is about the time when the Chief Magistrates of London are elected, it may not be *malapropos* to quote an instance of their manners in the olden time. It is from a ms. at Cambridge.

"In the year 1359, about the latter end of May, to honour the citizens of London King Edward III. caused a solemn just to be proclaimed to be held in that city for three days together, in which John Loufkin, mayor, John Barnes and John Bury the sheriffs, with their brethren the aldermen to the number of twenty-one as challengers, were to hold the field against all comers. But at the time appointed, in their stead but in their name, came the King privily with his four sons, Edward prince of Wales, Lionel, John, and Edmund, with nineteen other great barons of England, the King representing the mayor, the prince the senior sheriff, and so on, in presence of the Kings of France and Scotland, and an infinite number of spectators. They all bore on their shields and

sur-coats the city arms, and maintaining the honour of the city so valiantly during the whole time gave the greatest pleasure to the citizen when they were made acquainted with the truth."

Dr. M., we observe, ascribes the invention of gunpowder to the Greeks; and considers the era to be involved in obscurity. He says,

"It was from a treatise on pyrotechny, by Marcus Græcus, that Friar Bacon, in 1270, learnt that its composition was two pounds of charcoal, one of sulphur, and six of saltpetre, well powdered and mixed together."

Relating to the trial by battle and the gorgeous jousts of the 15th century, we shall close this short paper with one other extract.

Stowe "relates that, in the year 1446, John David appeached his master, William Cater, of treason; and, a day being appointed them to fight in Smithfield, the master being well beloved, was so cherished by his friends and plied with wine, that, being therewith overcome, was also unluckily slain by his servant. But that false servant lived not long unpunished, being afterwards at Tyburn for felony. From hence arose the word—If ye serve me so, I will call you Davy."

"Grafton informs us that the master was an armourer, and the incident has been introduced by Shakspeare into his play of Henry VI. The dramatist has, however, altered the names to Horner and Peter, probably from having had a glimpse or heard of the precept issued to the sheriffs whose names were Godfrey Bologne and Robert Horne, from which latter he fabricated that for the armourer. The original document, in the Exchequer, acquaints us that the real names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour, and the following is the last article of the record of expences:

'Also paid to officers for watch-  
yng of ye ded man in Smythfelde  
ye same day and ye nyghte after  
ye batall was don, and for hors  
hyre for ye officers at ye execu-  
cion doying, and for yehangman's  
labor x*ij* s*ij*d

'Also paid for ye cloth yat lay  
upon ye ded man in Smythfelde  
viii*d*

'Also paid for 1 pole and nayl-  
lis, and for setting up of ye said  
maunys hed on London brigg, v*d*

Sum  
xii*j* s*ij*d

"That defeat was considered proof of guilt has been already shewn in all the regulations upon the subject of trials by wager of battle, introduced into this work; but A. Marimuth giving an account, under the year 1380, of the Duellum inter Dominum Johannem Hanneky militem, et Robertum Kalenton armigerem, in which Robert was slain, gravely infers from thence that magna fuit evidētia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur. "The death of the other party was strong evidence that the knight's cause was true." The case, however, of the armourer proves that the vanquished, even if killed in the battle, was adjudged to the punishment of a convicted traitor, and that his body, whether alive or dead, underwent the act of hanging, in order that his posterity might participate in his infamy. By the Exchequer record it appears that the erection of the barriers, the combat itself, the watching of the dead body, and the subsequent execution of the armourer, occupied the

space of six or seven days; that the barriers had been brought to Smithfield in a cart from Westminster; that a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed on the occasion; that the place of battle was strewn with rushes; and that the total expense incurred was ten pounds eighteen shillings and ninepence.

"The most curious instance, of this kind, where the vanquished party was slain in the combat and still underwent degradation, is that of the joust à outrance, in 1387, between Jaques le Gris and Jehan de Caronge. A lady was accused of treason and adultery and her cause espoused by her husband. Had he been conquered, his wife would have been burnt and he would have been hanged, but it chanced that he was victorious. The account is very long. - - -

"Shakespeare arms his combatants with bâtons and sand-bags at the end of them, yet his is the only authority I have met with for the use of this latter appendage. Probably such were the weapons of the lower class of people, and were therefore considered by him as appropriate to the parties. Hudibras, however, alludes to this custom in the following lines—

Engaged with money-bags, as bold

As men with sand-bags did of old.

And the fool's bâton with the bladder at the end of it seems to bear some analogy."

#### TOUR IN INDIA, ETC.

[By a Field Officer. &c.]

In our preceding Number we gave the author's description of the mountain inhabitants of the Nilgherres; as ludicrous a picture of promising proselytes as we ever remember to have contemplated. He further says,—

"Mr. W. an intelligent young magistrate, who is sub-collector of the revenue, told me, that some miles further to the westward than Dimhatty, there are a few villages, the inhabitants of which are of a gigantic stature, the least tall among them reaching generally from six feet six to six feet eight; and as Mr. W. repeated it to me seriously, and declared he had himself seen them, I can have no reason to doubt it. He added, that their make was strong in proportion: and Capt. M. the officer of pioneers, observed, that they would cover full as much ground, drawn up in military order, as any similar number of Europeans, who are remarkable throughout India for their breadth of shoulders. I did not myself see any of these giants."

The Jews are an almost equally singular race:—

"The black Jews are supposed to be the descendants of proselytes made to Judaism on the first settlements of the white Jews in the country; but nothing certain seems to be known concerning them: they still exist in large numbers along the Malabar coast. From the ruins of the Synagogue, we returned to the Church; and there, while Mr. Fenn was speaking to the Syrians, I had a long and interesting conversation with Moses, in the Portuguese language, of which, fortunately, he understood a little. The sum of what he told me was, that the Jews, those at least who had studied the Sacred Writings, all agreed, that the 53d chapter of Isaiah related to the Messiah; that the accounts given of Jesus of Nazareth, exactly correspond with the description of him given therein; but that there is one material point, in which he fails; which is, that having publicly declared He came to fulfil the law of Moses, He nevertheless per-

mitted his followers to dispense with the rite of circumcision, and to change the day of the Sabbath;—acts which positively violated the law of Moses; and such, therefore, as the true Messiah would never have allowed. This was, he said, the common opinion of the Jews; but he admitted that, for his own part, the undeniable conformity of Jesus to the predicted Messiah, the long and dreadful dispersion and sufferings of the Jews, and the present returning kindness of the nations towards them, in seeming conformity with the time pointed out in the prophecies of the 1260 days; all combined to throw his mind into an indescribable state of ferment. He almost believed—but then the unaccountable change of the most holy Sabbath-day! He allowed the total confusion of tribes, so that, if Messiah were yet to come, He could not be known to be the tribe of Judah, unless by a miracle. Still, he thought, God would perhaps vouchsafe a miracle to restore the identity of families and tribes; and that this was a general belief among his brethren. He says he has read the New Testament with attention, and thinks it a most excellent work: but if its accounts had been true, how was it possible that so many thousands of Israelites, living witnesses of the miracles therein related, could yet refuse to believe, and even punish the supposed Messiah with death? I have purposely abstained from recapitulating the arguments usually employed against what Moses Azarphati advanced, as they are well known to every Christian of common intelligence, who has at all studied the grounds of his own belief: but I thought it might not be uninteresting to know from the fountain head, what the Jews think and say for themselves; and Moses is really a fair specimen of the most liberal among them."

At Nunjengode we have a curious account of the hunting with tigers:

"The employing of the cheeta\* in the chase of the antelope. There were three of these cheetas lying down, each in a country cart, called a hackery; they were tied with a slip-knot, and hood-winked. When within about a hundred yards of a herd of antelopes, which he approaches with the greatest caution, the sheekaree, or huntsman, takes the hood off from one cheeta, (and occasionally from two,) turns his head towards the game, and loosens the slip-knot: the animal instantly springs from the hackery, and makes towards the herd of antelopes, taking advantage of every bush between them which can for a moment conceal his approach, and invariably singling out the old buck as the object of his attack. If the cheeta can approach undiscovered sufficiently near to spring on the prey, he strikes it down with the force and ferocity of the tiger; but if, as is generally the case, the antelope discovers him at a little distance, he darts off with all the speed which an agony of terror can inspire, and the cheeta after him: but should the latter not overtake him in the first two or three hundred yards, he usually stops short, retreats to some neighbouring bush to conceal himself, and is then in so sulky a humour, that it requires caution for his keeper in approaching him to put on the hood, and reconduct him to the hackery. If the chase is successful (and we had an opportunity of seeing both cases,) the cheeta seizes the poor antelope in his mouth, throws his fore paws round him, and there remains sucking his blood, until the keeper or hun-

man comes up; who, in order to rescue the prey from his grasp, dips a piece of raw flesh in its blood, places it in a wooden bowl with a long handle, and offers it to the cheeta: while he is engaged in devouring this, a rope is fastened round his neck, and the prey gradually removed from his sight, until he can be again hood-winked, and replaced in his hackery."

The hunter was himself soon after almost hunted, for he relates—

"Just before arriving at the barrier of the Coorg country, near Seedaseer, the scene of the attack made by Tippoo on the Bombay army, I believe in 1799, my palankeen was suddenly and hastily set down by the bearers belonging to the Mysoor Rajah, who cried out, 'hathee, hathee,'\* and then all took to their heels. I jumped out, and went a few paces forward, accompanied by a Peon,† the only native who stood his ground, and we saw a wild elephant in the jungle, close to the road side, and not twenty yards from us. The Peon instantly screeched and cried out in a manner which frightened him; and the bearers joining in a most discordant chorus from a distance, he walked slowly away, cracking and rustling through the underwood as he went: had he once entered the road and seen us, it is probable not one of us would have lived to tell the tale: but a merciful Providence watched over us."

A visit to the Coorg Rajah introduces us to a striking character. The author says,

"It was dark when I arrived; but the glare of numerous flambeaux discovered a long regularly built house, with a colonnade supported on steps, which I ascended, while, to do me honour, one miserable violin was screaming 'God save the King.' I found his Highness and the heir apparent walking backwards and forwards in the colonnade, and was received by them with politeness. His Highness Maharajah Ling Rajender Wadeer, (such is his name and title,) is about five feet three in height, with a mean and most assassin-like countenance, which, as I am credible informed, tells no lies: his person denotes strength and considerable activity. His dress consisted of a sort of blue domino, with a cape reaching to the point of his shoulder; embroidered slippers, without stockings; and on his head a black skull-cap, surmounted with a black woollen crest, in imitation of the bear-skin on our horse artillery helmets, and edged with narrow gold tinsel. Over his neck was a double row of ordinary pearls, sustaining a splendid ornament, composed of four of the largest sized rubies. After bowing to, and shaking hands with the two princes, we adjourned to a room in the palace, where his Highness sat on a sofa, and the hereditary prince and myself on English made chairs, with a small table between us. The despatch which I had previously presented was here opened, and given over to the royal treasurer; who having interpreted its contents to the Rajah (it was written in English), was commanded to read it aloud. This order, as he himself does not understand a word of our language, was probably given with a view of impressing me with adequate conceptions of his great riches and importance. When the reading was concluded, Williamson's Sketches of Field Sports in India were produced, and the Rajah at intervals condescendingly explained to me the meaning of the English

\* An elephant.

† A native police soldier.

\* A species of ounce, resembling a small tiger.



words at the bottom of the plates. I then, as had been recommended to me by Mr. B. asked his highness for a sight of the miniatures of himself and family, lately taken by an English artist. They were good likenesses; and the Rajah made me remark a small spot over his son's right eye, which had not escaped the painter's notice; and his exactness seemed to have afforded great satisfaction to the Rajah. Indeed most Indians, like the Chinese, delight in copying the minutest blemishes, as well as beauties, of the original. He next gave a signal to his slaves, and a long string of them shortly appeared, each carrying something that the Rajah chose to shew me. That which was most worthy of observation, was a double and a single barrelled gun, made, in imitation of one of Manton's in his possession, by an artist from among his own subjects. This interested me the more, as it was the only circumstance of the kind I had heard of in India. I tried the locks, and to the touch they were fully as good as Manton's own; the barrel only was a little too heavy. On the lock was the maker's name, and the Rajah's at full length on a gold plate let into one side of the butt. Some hunting spears were also shewn me, manufactured by the same workman, and very well finished. After these had been sufficiently examined, the slaves were followed by a detachment of the royal guard, bearing antlers of stags and deer; horns of bisons and buffaloes; skins of tigers, and various other sporting trophies, including the hide covered with almost impenetrable scales of a species of ichneumon. Several of these curiosities would, I doubt not, have been interesting to a good naturalist. The Rajah then ordered his son to accompany me to the stables of the wild beasts, horses, &c. We found numerous torch-bearers waiting for us; and, on stepping out from the palace into the court before it, a large royal tiger was shewn in a double leash of thick ropes and chains, each shank held by about twenty men. He snarled at us, shewed two formidable rows of teeth, and gave one howl, such as would have chilled a man's life's blood had he heard it alone in a forest; nor would it have been prudent even here to venture very near him, for he was of the largest size, and apparently of tremendous strength. We proceeded next to the stables, and saw the horses: there were among them an English one of high blood, but old; a good Arab; a beautiful Pegu wild pony; and one or two horses of an indifferent native breed. In the next stable was a lioness; and further on some noble specimens of the bison; one of which was the handsomest animal of his kind I ever saw; he was of an enormous size, with a broad prominent forehead, and a large bushy tuft, in the form of a coronet, between his horns; he was so tame as to allow of my stroking his face, though I thought it advisable to keep a strict watch on his eye, as the prince royal shewed manifest signs of uneasiness in approaching near him. I was much amused during this nocturnal walk, in observing that, whether I went fast or slow, the prince prolonged or diminished his strides, so as always to keep about a foot's distance in front of me, in conformity, I should suppose, to their court etiquette; and he always kept his head immovably stiff, not turning it round even when he addressed me; his body leaning rather back, with his hands and arms, as he walked, in an alternate swing. We returned to the palace in about half an hour; and after another half-

hour's desultory conversation, in which the Rajah assured me he had during his life shot two hundred and fifty tigers with his own hand, I rose to take my leave, without much regret, and returned to the English bungalow, escorted as before."

From the mass of matter which has dropped upon us this week, we find we must still reserve another paper for our Field Officer's journey overland to England.

*The General Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary, &c. &c. forming a complete Body of Geography, Physical, Statistical, and Commercial.* 3 vols. 8vo. London 1823. Simpkin & Marshall.

ONE word in the title-page describes this work—it is "complete." We have tried it upon many points, and always found its information correct and ample. Twenty-six good Maps confirm to the eye that information which the text gives to the understanding; and when we add that the price is very moderate, we have only done justice to a highly useful and meritorious publication. Opinion is all we can express on a production of this description; and our opinion is, that whoever wants to possess an eligible, excellent, and serviceable Gazetteer, will thank us for calling attention to these volumes.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COMBE'S MARIANNE!!

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Having seen the posthumous *Letters to Marianne*, by the late Mr. Combe, previously to the notice of that work in one of the late Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*, I was much pleased to find so exact a coincidence between the sentiments there expressed and my own opinion on the subject. We read of a celebrated French General, whose prayer was, "God deliver me from my friends, and I'll take care myself to be a match for my enemies!" Poor Combe, could he rise from his grave and witness this exposure of human frailty, in the injudicious publication of the love-letters of a man of seventy, would assuredly be disposed to join sincerely in this wish.

The fact is, that the man whose warm attentions to Marianne served to cool the affection, and finally lost her the heart of her venerable admirer, is the very person who has ushered this precious correspondence into the world; and, unfortunately, both this rival and the fair lady have betrayed a lapse of memory in omitting to introduce the concluding epistle, which would have been deemed by all sensible people as by far the most rational part of the volume.

A suppression of this sort, however, is extremely venial in comparison with the deviations from truth (I will call them by no harsher name) with which the advertisement prefixed to the Letters abounds. I allude not to such palpable errors as that of making Mr. Combe the author of *All the Talents*; which every body knows to have been written by the late Mr. Barrett; \* neither will I advert to the "filial ministrations" and "unwearing attentions" which the old gentleman is said to have received, when "life was fast receding to its lowest ebb," from the "estimable female," whom he had discarded as "deceit and folly," ten long years before.

\* We believe so; but it has also been attributed to Mr. Serres.—*Ed.*

One trifling circumstance will serve to show the degree of credit due to Mr. B\*\*\*\*, this voracious editor, on points of greater importance. He tells us, that a friend of his, who enjoyed an interview with Mr. Combe eight days before his decease, found him with the *Diaboliad* lying open before him; and that laying his hand firmly on the book, he said, "Every word which I have written here is true to the very letter: the persons alluded to in this poem richly deserved every thing I have said of them." Now I have occasion to know that the book in question was at that time in the possession of Dr. Uwins (whose friendly attentions to Mr. Combe smoothed, as he acknowledged, his passage to the grave;) and there are many who can attest, that so far from exulting in his being the author of it, he declared that it was the only one of his works which he regretted to have written.

If I forbear to point out other misrepresentations in the advertisement to the *Letters*, it is not from inability, but from reluctance to occupy a larger portion of your valuable space than is requisite for the insertion of the following Farewell Address of Mr. Combe to his Marianne, when he found that the lady had manifested a very natural preference for a young and vigorous rival.

#### THE PARTING.

Since, Mary, we are doom'd to part,  
Since I must tear you from my heart,—  
That faithful heart, which will, I fear,  
Too long your lovely image bear!—  
A moment your attention lend,  
And hear the counsels of a friend.

When first I saw those beamy eyes,  
When first I saw those blushes rise;  
When first I saw the ringlets break  
In jettty beauty on your neck;  
When first I heard your lips dispense  
The strain of modest eloquence—  
Oh how I wish'd that I could move  
The beauteous charming Maid to love!  
And when you heard me tell my flame,  
And when you said you felt the same,  
And when possess'd of charms like thine,  
No happiness could equal mine.  
But soon the gaudy dream was o'er,  
The painted phantom was no more,  
And in the place of Virtue's charms,  
Deceit and Folly fill'd my arms.  
What tortures did my bosom move,  
What pangs of disappointed love,  
When to my hopes I bid adieu,  
And turn'd away from Love and you!  
From Love, said I,—how vain the boast;  
Though by the foulest mischief crost,  
My coward heart still pants for you,  
And knows not how to say Adieu!

Thus the poor moth around the light,  
Though scorch'd its wings, renews its flight,  
Nor wounded from the foe retires,  
But in the very flame expires.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, by way of conclusion to recommend the insertion of this piece as a finale to a second edition of the *Letters*, that the public may be put in possession of the denouement of the farce which Mr. B\*\*\*\* has got up for the joint benefit, I presume, of the heroine and himself—I shrewdly suspect that it will not turn out a bumper. Not doubting that you will add the weight of your influence to this recommendation,

I am Sir, yours, &c. *Ed.*  
BIRCH-RONALD

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, October 10, 1823.

THE grocers and oilmen are in ecstasies. M. Charles Nodier, author of a little work on England, and M. Pichot, have composed a *longue et lourde brochure* against the lighting by gas, or an *Essai Critique sur le Gaz Hydrogène*. Such is the enthusiasm of the literary *marchands*, that it is said a large subscription is on foot among them in favour of the enlightened authors. Another report, indeed, states that the subscription preceded the work, and that the want of enthusiasm in the writers is attributable to this fact. *Pauvre Gaz!* thou wilt have hard work to naturalize thyself among us. It is true we have gasometers of immense magnitude, and iron pipes meandering in most of the frequented streets of the capital; but the stupid breed of *ignoramus* and *préjugés* bestir themselves with more energy and obstinacy than ever, and thou wilt share the fate, in all probability, of the *pauvre enseignement mutuel*. In fact, what canst thou expect or hope, when, in 1823, the vaccine meets numerous and implacable enemies—when, in 1823, in the city of Paris alone, in the centre of civilization and light, *Eleven hundred and thirty-six persons* have been the victims of the small-pox! Mayest thou triumph over *tes ténébreux adversaires!*

M. Pichot is to publish shortly a work that will do him more honour, it is to be hoped, than his anti-gas pamphlet. It will be a *Voyage Littéraire en Angleterre et en Ecosse*, two vols. in 8vo. It is now a regular stage note in the route of a traveller, "go to see Walter Scott and Southey." M. Pichot followed this order of travelling, and he is about to amuse us with *détails piquants* on the character, family, mode of life, &c. &c. of these renowned writers. Your authors must be very fond of company, or suppose company to be very fond of them, to give access to the numbers who from this city alone go to their houses to make their curious and often impertinent observations.

M. Pichot has also ready for publication a work entitled *De la Médecine et des Médecins à Londres et à Edinbourg*; with un *Tableau de l'Enseignement dans les Universités et les principales écoles d'Angleterre et d'Ecosse*.

It appears now as certain as a telegraphic despatch, that Monsieur le Vicomte d'Arincourt is coming forth with another *chef-d'œuvre romantique*, and that this new Romance is to assume the character of *La Druidesse des Ardennes*.

The end of this month will be fertile in dramatic novelties. The Théâtre Française promises us a new tragedy, *Pierre de Portugal*, by M. Arnault, fils; and two comedies, *Marianne*, which M<sup>lle</sup> Mars will embellish with all the charm of her rare talents, and *L'Auteur malgré lui*, in three acts, in verse.

The Royal Academy of Music will give *Vendôme en Espagne*, grand opera de circonstance. All the other theatres are in a bustle to sing the success of the French army. As for the tribe of little authors, they are all in motion, mending their pens and turning out their cartons, in order to *remettre à neuf* their old *friperies*, which have already served on many a notable occasion.

The first performance of *La Neige, ou le Nouvel Eginhard*, took place the day before yesterday at the Théâtre Feydan. It is the well-known adventure of Eginhard, and Emma, daughter of Charlemagne, that has fur-

nished the subject of this new Comic Opera, which was received with unusual applause. The words are by MM. Scribe and Delavigne. The music, which is ravishing, is by M. Auber.

A parcel of books expedited by one of the first booksellers of the capital, was lately stopped, passing out of France at the first line of douanes of Strasbourg. The prohibition fell on one volume only, and that was the work of M. Bignon, *Des Cabinets et des Peuples*. O, happy meridian of Paternoster Row! there no indexes, no *procureurs*, no *douaniers*, no *plombages*, crush the genius of enlightened authors, nor ruin the fortunes of honest booksellers. O that Paternoster had a few more such Rows!

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*Mists and Dew.*—For the formation of mists, it is necessary that the temperature of the water should be greater than that of the air; but for the deposition of dew, that the heat of the body on which it is to be deposited, should be less than that of the atmosphere.

— The deposition of dew must always precede the formation of mists. This will appear evident, when we consider the principles to which each owes its origin. Suppose at some moment an equality of temperature to take place between the water, the land, and the volumes of air reposing over each. In consequence of the unequal cooling powers of the land and water, the former will first have its temperature reduced below that of the air; and although by this diminution the equality of temperature between the two volumes of air will be destroyed, and a condition created favourable to the formation of mist; still, as the cooling of the first volume, and the mingling of the two are not contemporaneous acts, dew will be the first deposited.

*Production of Electricity by Pressure.*—From a series of experiments on this subject, M. Becquerel concludes, that all bodies assume two different electric states by pressure;—that in two bodies which are perfect conductors, this state of equilibrium ceases the moment the pressure is removed, but if one be a bad conductor, the effect of the pressure continues for a longer or a shorter time; that the pressure alone maintains the equilibrium of the two fluids placed in each of the surfaces, for if the pressure be diminished, and at the end of a certain time, the bodies be removed from the compression, they will be found to have the electricity due only to the remaining pressure; that heat modifies the development of electricity in a particular manner; that the intensity of the electricity increases, at first, directly as the pressure, and that it is probable this proportion diminishes at high pressures, as the bodies lose their power of being compressed. Finally, it is rendered probable, that the light which is disengaged in powerful condensations, is due to the rapid recombination of the two electricities developed on the surfaces, at the moment of compression.—*Quarterly Journal*.

*Conversion of Atmospheric Air into a Fluid by Pressure.*—Mr. Perkins has, we learn, compressed atmospheric air to such a degree, that a small portion of fluid appears at the end of the compressed column. This fluid does not wholly recover its gaseous state when the pressure is removed. It was supposed to be water, but this is not yet certain: several other gases have been converted into liquids by the same powerful agency.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Oct. 11.—Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting *Graces* and conferring Degrees, on the following days in Michaelmas term: viz. Tuesday, October 21, Thursday, 30; Friday, Nov. 7, Friday, 14, Tuesday, 25; Tuesday, Dec. 2, Wednesday, 10, Wednesday, 17.

Oct. 6, the Rev. Peter Elmsley, M.A. of Christ Church, was admitted Principal of St. Alban Hall, with the usual ceremonies.

7th. The Rev. G. W. Hall, D.D. Master of Pembroke College, was admitted to the office of Vice-Chancellor for the ensuing year; who nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, the Rev. T. Lee, D.D. President of Trinity College; the Rev. R. Jenkyns, D.D. Master of Balliol Coll.; the Rev. J. Collier Jones, D.D. Rector of Exeter Coll.; and the Rev. G. Rowley, D.D. Master of University Coll.

Yesterday, Oct. 10, the first day of Michaelmas term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors of Arts.*—Rev. J. W. Hatherell, St. Alban Hall; J. A. Hanson, Scholar of Brasenose Coll., Grand Compounder.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 17.—On Friday the 10th inst. the following Degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts.*—R. Swann, Trinity College; E. Luard, St. John's Coll.

*Bachelors of Arts.*—W. J. Pinwell, and J. Wood, Trinity Coll.; C. Curbush, and H. B. Coddington, St. John's College; Thos. Brett, Pembroke Hall; Jocelyn Willey, Trinity Hall; J. Truman, Catherine Hall; R. Ambler, and Alfred Harford, Christ Coll.; E. Whitehurst, and S. Hart Wynn, Magdalene Coll.; R. M. Oliver, Downing Coll.

The following gentlemen were on Sunday appointed the CAPUT for the year ensuing: The Vice-Chancellor.

Rev. W. French, D.D. Master of Jesus Coll. *Divinity*. Rev. J. W. Geldart, LL. D. Trinity Hall, *Law*. Cornwallis Hewett, M.D. Downing Coll. *Physic*. Rev. Samuel Carr, M.A. Queen's, *Sen. Non-Reg.* Rev. W. Greenwood, M.A. Corpus Christi, *Sen. Reg.*

The Rev. Dr. Calvert has resigned the Norrisian Professorship.

## FINE ARTS.

THE Great Seal of Ireland has been put to the Charter for incorporating the Artists of that country, under the name of "The Royal Hibernian Academy."

*Moses' Outlines of Canova*. Part 9 & 10. London 1823. S. Prowett.

FULFILLING faithfully their engagement with the public, the Engraver and Publisher of this work have in this double Part given us a spirited Frontispiece of Canova, as painted by Favre. Among the Outlines, the most remarkable are, 1. *The Magdalen*, of which there are three Views, a front, profile, and back. As far as we can judge from a drawing, we should say that this Statue is not among the masterpieces of the Artist. The expression of sorrow is exaggerated, and the form neither possesses the original beauty nor the decayed charms of the character.—2. *Dancing Girls*; the exhibition of one of which in our Royal Academy last season, enables us to pronounce decidedly on the care and fidelity of these Outlines.—3. *Yenus*. His delicious idea of female loveliness. The modest attitude and the voluptuous look give a finely mixed character to this genuine Goddess of Love.



*A View of the North-east Front of Westminster Abbey. On Stone, by H. M. Whistler. London, Chater & Co.*

THIS is one of the subjects for which lithography is so well adapted; and though the View is not one of the finest of the Abbey, what it is, is here produced in a clever and decided style. The Print is a good specimen of the art; and we trust its reception will encourage the Artist to extend his labours.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FRAGMENT.

A solitude  
Of green and silent beauty, just a home  
Where I could wish to weep my life away  
In utter loneliness, and never more  
Hear human voice, or look on human face.  
It is a secret place among the hills:  
Little and dark the valley lies below,  
And not a tint of earth is on the air, [source  
Which the lip drinks pure as the stream whose  
Is hidden here,—large rocks have girthed it in;  
All palaces for the eagle are their sides,  
Safe or far safer than a sanctuary,—  
For even that, though shielded by God's name,  
Man holds not sacred. Here at least his power  
Is neither felt nor feared. The chamouis rests  
When harassed, as the powerless ever are;  
It lies before the hunter. Small as still,  
A skilful archer's bow would send the shaft  
Across its utmost boundary, and half  
Is covered with dark pines, which in the spring  
Send forth sweet odours, even as they felt  
As parents do, rejoicing o'er their children  
In the green promise of their youthful shoots,  
The spreading of their fresh and fragrant leaves.  
The other part is thinly scattered o'er  
With dwarf oaks, stunted both in leaves and growth.  
And in the midst there are two stately firs,  
The one dark in its hoary foliage, like  
A warrior arm'd for battle; but the next [bare  
Has lost its leafy panoply, the bark  
Stripped from the trunk, the boughs left black and  
By some fierce storm to which it would not bend,—  
Like a high spirit, proud, though desolate.  
At one end is a cavern, musical  
With falling waters: roof, and floor, and walls  
Are set with sparry gems, snow turned to treasure;  
Beyond is black as night, or grief, or death,  
And thence there comes a silent stream, which takes  
Onward its quiet course, then, through a break,  
The only one amid the mountains, goes  
Down to the world below. And it should be  
My task in fanciful similitudes  
To trace a likeness for my destiny.  
Those pale blue violets, which in despite  
Of snow, or wind, or soil, cling to the rock  
In lonely beauty—they are like my love,  
My woman's love: it grew up amid cares  
And coldness, yet still like those flowers it lived  
On in its fragrance: but far happier they,  
They rest in their lone home's security,  
While, rooted from its dear abode, my love  
Was scattered suddenly upon the wind,  
To wither and to die. And the blue stream  
Will be another emblem: cold and calm  
It leaves its dwelling-place,—soon over rocks  
Torrents like headlong passions hurry it—  
Its waters lose their clearness, weeds and sands  
Choke it like evil deeds, and banks upraised  
By human art, obstruct and turn its course,  
Till, worn out by long wanderings, it seeks,  
Its strength gone by, some little quiet nook  
Where it may waste its tired waves away.  
So in this solitude might I depart,  
My death unwatch'd! I could not bear to die,  
And yet see life and love in some dear eye.

Why should I wish to leave some faithful one  
With bleeding heart to break above my grave?  
Oh no,—I do but wish to pass away  
Unloved and unremembered! L. E. L.

## PERSIAN MELODIES.

## XI.

Where'er my blooming LAYLA dwells,  
There will my faithful heart be found;  
On her fair cheeks are wove the spells  
By which my heart and life are bound.  
I passed with her thro' forests wild,  
Thro' Bâb-ul-Mandab's\* gate of tears;  
With her those lonely forests smiled,  
Those waves awoke no threatening fears.  
I searched the depths of Umman's sea,  
I sought in Yaman's† choicest bower,—  
No pearl was there so bright as she,  
No rose so sweet, no vernal flower.  
The dungeon's gloom a bliss contains  
When there the form we love reposes;  
For Love will smile tho' clasped in chains,  
And Hatred frown on beds of roses.  
Then like the constant bird that flies  
O'er Ab-i-Murghan's‡ limpid rill,  
That stays where'er its water lies,  
And when 't is borne pursues it still.  
So, where my blooming LAYLA dwells,  
There will my faithful heart be found;  
On her fair cheeks are wove the spells  
By which my heart and life are bound.

## XII.

Hence, O Sleep, thy downy wings  
Shine with many a glittering feather,  
Round whose beauty sorrow clings,  
Mingling joy and grief together.  
Hence, deceitful charmer! fly,  
Cheat not me with promised pleasure;  
Bring not LAYLA's image nigh,  
But to snatch my lovely treasure.  
When I dream her voice I hear,  
Softly whispering, 'Come, my lover!'  
But when her bright form I near,  
Fades my dream, and all is over!  
Hence, thou Sprite, whose downy wings  
Shine with many a glittering feather,  
Round whose beauty sorrow clings,  
Mingling joy and grief together.  
Brighton.

G. B. H.

\* Bâb-ul-Mandab, i. e. the gate of tears, the straits of  
Babelmandel, so called from the danger of its passage.  
† Arabia Felix.  
‡ A fountain between Shiraz and Isfahan.

## LINES.

I cannot sleep! my nights glide on  
In one unbroken dream of thee,  
And when the gloomy shades are flown,  
I start, the morning light to see.  
And as I watch the rising dawn  
Gain slowly o'er the yielding sky,  
And mark another day, new-born,  
That glows so brightly,—yet must die:  
I mourn that all the hopes we cherish,  
As transient, though as bright, will be;  
And frailest of the hopes that perish,  
Was mine, that told of love and thee!  
Little Hampton, Oct. 1823. M. E.

## THE WANDERER.

The captive bird I've cherish'd long,  
So bright of hue, so sweet of song,  
Has left his cage and me;  
And now he flies thro' Heaven's wide cope  
So gay—so blest—I ne'er must hope  
My favourite more to see.

Dear Truant! tho' thine absence grieve me,  
I will not call thee false to leave me,  
For thou wert form'd to roam;  
But while I've watch'd thee hour by hour,  
I've wish'd that mine had been the pow'r  
To make thee love thy home.

Now sad to me each day appears,  
Which thy lov'd song no longer cheers,  
Thy loss I aye shall mourn;  
But thou wilt soon my care forget,  
No ling'ring wish, no fond regret  
Will urge thee to return.

Oft will I seek the chestnut grove,  
Whose shade the airy songsters love,  
And listen to the strain:  
And fondly think, dear, faithless bird,  
Where'er the sweetest lay is heard,  
I hear thy note again!

October 1st.

FATHER FRANCIS.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. XIII.

*Unsuccessful Attempt to renew the tender Passion.*  
I question whether the harmony of our circle would have been so soon restored, if Captain Sandys, by a stratagem highly honourable to his magnanimity, had not turned against himself the ridicule that had been aimed at his friend, "This is not the only mischief (said he) which these graceless dogs have been plotting. During Charles's absence, I received under a frank, bearing the Cheltenham post-mark, a letter from a person with whom I certainly had some slight acquaintance at Montpellier, in the year 1789, but whom I have never since either seen or heard of. That was surely very inadequate ground on which to take the liberty of asking one's advice on the most interesting of all possible subjects; but admitting the letter to be genuine, I shrewdly suspect that it could not have been written without a hint or two from our good-natured friend. However, reserving the privilege of a reply in my own way, and at my own leisure, I shall move that it be now read; and for a reason which will appear in the course of it, I shall desire Mr. Edward Stukely to do that office for me." This request was immediately complied with; and during the perusal the Captain sat balancing himself in his chair with the most perfect nonchalance, occasionally raising his eye-glass to reconnoitre the countenances of Master Charles and his companion, which wore an aspect of decorous attention, and at no moment betrayed a feeling alien to those excited among the rest of the auditory. Here follows the letter:

"It gives me sincere pleasure to learn, my dear Captain, that though so far descended into the vale of years as to have 'some smack of age' in you, some relish of the saltiness of time, you excel all our youthful Benedicks in vivacity; and that in the card-room or the coterie you are still the gayest of the gay. Without giving way to so base a passion as envy, I feel most solicitous to know how you have managed to prolong the summer of existence; or, to borrow a metaphor from the pugilists, by what training you have been enabled to gain *second-wind* in your combat with old Time. From what pabulum, from what elixir, from what precious juice have you derived not merely the health, but the ardour of adolescence? 'This, to be sure, is an age prolific of inventions; and the daily Papers teem with advertisements of preparatives for renovating decayed apparel, and for infusing the vigour of youth into broken-down and exhausted constitutions. I notice, moreover, a variety of ingenious contrivances, by which the natural growth of experience may be anticipated so as to furnish a child with the consummate wisdom of mature old age. All these confident and cheering assurances may be capable of fulfilment: an amorphous and apparently supernaturated hat may be 'turned to shape,' and by a stratagem of supplementary beaver, be epilated to resume its rank

on the peg; a *ci-droit* black coat, through the medium of a revolver, may be scoured from the rust of age, depurated of its weather-stains, and reproduced in its pristine freshness and gloss. These scientific achievements directly demonstrate the favourite theory of the modern philosophers, that by the unrestrained development of all its occult energies, mind may become omnipotent over matter. The progress of the different classes of mankind towards perfectibility seems to be as simultaneous as possible, though some of them evince an inclination to steal a march upon the rest: for instance, many hundred young gentlemen have of late been prompted by a spirit of disinterested benevolence to pursue the medical profession, evidently for the purpose of hunting disease out of society, reckless of what must be their own fate when that desideratum shall be accomplished. There are many artists who can now manufacture an artificial eye, to dart an enamoured glance, to leer, or upon occasion to assume the fixed look of profound meditation. Another expert craftsman can supply the mutilated warrior with a leg of greater utility than the natural limb, and of a shape vastly superior, unsusceptible of fatigue, and proof against corns or chilblains;—so constructed as to contain in its copper cavity a variety of implements, a change of linen, sandwich-box, dressing-case, or fishing-tackle, convertible also into an umbrella, and at a moment of peril into a blunderbuss. Wigs are now made to resemble hyacinthine locks so closely, that when my sister (who, poor girl! was bald from her nativity,) went to India, she distributed, from a chapeau of this convenient kind, many tokens of regard and affection to numerous friends, relatives, and admirers; and those frail memorials I afterwards beheld neatly set in gold—aye, repeatedly kissed in rings, lockets, and brooches. All this is wonderful; but among the numerous nostrums, remedies, and appliances which human skill has hitherto devised, not one is available for my disorder. I wish for some sovereign balm to enable me not merely to counterfeit, but really to feel the ardent passion that had nearly consumed me forty years ago; and (do not smile, my dear Captain,) I wish that passion to be revived for the same object. I would be animated with the same hopes, discouraged by the same fears, agitated with the same impatience, and stung with the same jealousy. But I have serious apprehensions that this is impossible.

"About forty years ago, at the age of nineteen, I became fascinated, at a private ball, with the amiable, beautiful, and sensible Leonora, who then appeared to me expressly formed by nature for my wife. Our opinions sufficiently coincided as to the *morale* of most subjects; my affection was of the purest staple; a licentious thought never intruded; and it was often a question in my own mind whether the qualities of her heart and intellect, or the charms of her person, were the sources of my attachment. I was a favoured suitor; and the lady's condescending notice and avowed partiality to my pretensions, not only rendered me the happiest of mortals, but imbued me with a serious and prudential consideration of the future, that wholly estranged me from the dissipation common to young men of my own age.

"Leonora had a brother, who of course became my particular and intimate friend; but he was a *bon vivant*, extravagant, not very reserved in his female acquaintance, nor at all in the habit of passing the bottle—while any wine remained in it. To this friend I confided the secret of my attachment to his sister. He communicated the affair to his father, after the most solemn assurances of concealing it for the present. The old gentleman did not relish my proposals, and with his son's concurrence very unceremoniously forbade me his house; at the same time sending his daughter into the country, under a threat that her name should be erased from his will if she held any further communication with me. As I possessed no fortune adequate to compensate her for the loss of his favour, there the matter rested;

by the aid of time and occupation I bore my affliction, and as there was no remedy, with tolerable fortitude.

"One morning in the week before last, a sudden and heavy shower of rain drove me for shelter into the Burlington Arcade. Among the numerous weather-bound passengers who, as is usual on these occasions, were alternately employed in looking up to watch the separation of the clouds, and in surveying each other, I perceived a well-dressed elderly lady opposite to me; and when I had cursorily perused her face, I was induced, without being able to account for it, to repeat my inspection on the first opportunity that offered. There were traces of some sketch that I had formerly beheld, but where, I could not call to mind. I looked again, and endeavoured to recollect, but this effort proved fruitless,—the materials for reminiscence were supplied solely by the countenance, and reflection had no other data to work upon. The lady became aware of my scrutinizing attention and ineffectual endeavours to recognise her features; yet she did not attempt to withdraw from observation, but rather seemed wishful that I should unravel the mystery. At length a smile revealed the grateful truth that we were not strangers; and this signal of encouragement induced me to address her with cautious distinct respect, and with a sort of mysterious, undefinable, but very evident trepidation. When I heard her voice, my embarrassment was increased; and when she pronounced my name, I became perfectly confused. There were some latent workings of my soul of which I was conscious, though I could not distinctly comprehend them: they were recollections of the heart, that did not communicate their vibrations to the brain. After some pause, she observed, that after so long an interval, and the occupation of mind by more interesting objects, it was to be expected that I should forget Leonora.—This name, pronounced by a familiar voice, accompanied by a look of something more than kindness, that penetrated to the recesses of heart, soul, and intellect, instantly dispelled the dense mist that had risen during a lapse of forty years; a distinct vision of our first acquaintance was presented, and the interviews that had afterwards taken place, recurred in all the freshness of reality. Imagination for a moment lent me the energies of youth; I was in the act of seizing her hand, and about to press it,—but a sudden agitation, an uncontrollable tremor, so overwhelmed me, that I could neither speak nor accomplish the intended welcome. By this time the weather had cleared, the crowd was moving off, my consciousness returned; I felt that fancy had jilted me, and I remained in the actual state of an elderly gentleman of sixty. Leonora was accompanied by a lady considerably younger than herself; and it struck me that the pathos of the scene had moved the damsel's risible powers, nor could I help surmising that the titter was a compliment equally divided between us. I wished to escort them home; they were proceeding in a different direction; but Leonora, with great frankness, said that I might come to take tea on the following day.

"After we had parted, I attempted to analyze deliberately the state of my feelings; and vanity, I believe, endeavoured to persuade me that I was seriously in love. A fearfully long series of years, to be sure, had rolled away since the fever of passion had raged; but still we were the same individual persons. Time might indeed have caused some decay in the main timbers of the building, that did not admit of repair; but the plan remained perfect in all its compartments: exterior embellishments might easily be supplied; and taste, or rather sentiment, would cover many defects with varnish, whitewash, and perhaps plaster—as I am a member of the College of Surgeons. The expected hour arrived, and I had already taken great pains, both personally and mentally, to prepare myself for the interview. The season was rather too cold for nankin pantaloons, which are supposed to display the figure to considerable advantage; and for several days

a north-easter had whistled a very intelligible prelude to a return of my lumbago, therefore black became the wholesome substitute. The lady had contrived to be alone, and after interchanging the first civilities, apologized for the absence of her *niece*, possibly apprehensive that a recurrence of the tittering symptoms might interrupt the more serious and pathetic parts of our dialogue. To my utter astonishment and indescribable joy, I found that Leonora had lived a single life, and, by her own representation, had refused numerous offers—her promise to me had been kept inviolate. This assurance stirred up on my part several bursts of tenderness. I looked at her most earnestly, and unhappily I wore my spectacles. But Oh dear, what a change! Her eye barely retained some smattering of Love's dialect; but the idiom was defective and the accent misplaced. A nearer examination disclosed innumerable wrinkles; the fine oval contour had become angular, and the whole countenance was suffused with a yellow tinge. Those lips, that whilom poured from distension, were now shrunk into a mere envelope for the coral—But why proceed? Description only records disappointment, and extinguishes the embers of affection. The voice indeed, though somewhat less articulate, still breathed to my ear soft melody freighted with the purest sentiment; the candles shed a dimmer light for want of snuffing, and love seemed to return as the gloom deepened. Thus in sweet converse we beguiled the time, retraced the delightful scenes of former days, and endeavoured, by the aid of imagination, to overleap a chasm of forty years, that youth might gall the kibe of the passing moment, exclaimed,

"Ye gods! annihilate both space and time,

To make two lovers happy!"

"What might have been our destinies in life, (said the charming Leonora,) if my father had not prohibited our union?"—Doubtless, (I replied,) an uninterrupted series of felicities—a delightful interchange of opinion—a reciprocation of kind offices—perhaps we might have been blest with a numerous family—but I found I had gone too far; it certainly did not occur to me that Leonora was still a maiden lady, and of course could have made no calculations of that nature. A slight iridescence of colour mounted into her cheek, but after a momentary suffusion escaped to one side of the nose, where an intense blush seemed to linger. I apologized but awkwardly enough, by expressing my regret at having used any expression inconsistent with good-breeding; and to testify my contrition in a tangible form, I took her hand—it had a cold feel; then with some emotion grasped her arm—alas! its electric touch had vanished! The bounding elasticity that, forty years ago, resembled that of a spring-board, now yielded to the gentlest pressure. Our situation was exquisitely tender; the air seemed oppressive; she breathed by instalments, perceptibly asthmatic; and the attempt to heave a profound sigh was stopped in *transitu*, by a cough which sounded like the knell to consumptive Hope.

"How retentive of affection is a female! Perhaps, as some philosophers have opined, because she possesses more instincts than our own sex. Perhaps, with due care, a man's constitution is more durable than that of a lady; and it is possible that there may be some difference in the sources and objects of the tender passion. We are attracted by exterior blandishments; they are guided in their choice by intrinsic qualities; and to tell the truth, I do not think that they possess so refined a taste, such a relish for beauty, and such a fastidiousness against imperfection as ourselves. When I returned home, and analyzed my own feelings, the truth was elicited. Leonora, in her youth, had constituted my notion of the *beau idéal* of female excellence; and if at that period we had been united, age, and its inseparable infirmities, would have crept on unheeded. We should have hobbled down-hill together, lending a mutual support; the higher affections would have been sublimed, and those of sense would have been refined into esteem. [I am apt



to think that love is like the smallpox, few have it twice in the natural way; the contagion rarely recurs.] But now, each of us had acquired peculiar and, very probably, dissimilar habits; the simultaneous indulgence of them might be incompatible, and a compromise difficult on either part, as it would demand a painful extortion—a cruel eradication—a reluctant sacrifice. Feeling therefore no immediate or pressing occasion for a wife; dreading the positive cession of so much liberty; averse from an amalgamation of infirmities, the sleep-breaking echoes of the nightly cough, the spasmodic twinges, and other incidental ailments, no wonder that I have paused on the awful threshold of matrimony. Besides, I anticipate the ridicule of my acquaintance: some sneering, old dandy congratulating me with a pretended admiration of the choice I have made—"Quite a young woman!" This is bad enough; but next come the ladies: one young hussey, just married, recommends me to a shop for baby-linen, and—by mistake—gives me the undertaker's card. Then at dinner, to be helped to all the restorative fricassées and nourishing dishes! When the dessert appears, some tormentress or other directs the servants to place a pair of nut-crackers near me; insults my wife under the mask of deference and civility, recommending patrosa lozenges for an inveterate asthma; or starting theatrical subjects, and concluding by a savage remark, such as, "Probably, Madam, you recollect Garrick?" Prudence whispers me to remain single,—an injunction which I shall certainly obey, unless you impart to me the grand arcanum of the alchemists, which I suppose you to possess:

And though I love the gentle Leonora,  
I will not my unhousewifed condition  
Put into circumscription and confine,  
For the world's a worth.  
"With the profoundest consideration, believe  
me, my dear Captain, your most obedient  
PEREGRINE FIPLEY."

#### DRAMA.

##### DRURY LANE.

THE dramatic novelties of the week are chiefly those of juxta-position. At this theatre, on Monday, Mr. Macready made his first appearance in his favourite *Virginus*; and no wonder it is his favourite, for a more splendid exhibition of almost every kind of tragic excellence than it enables him to display cannot be imagined. The house was so crowded, that (we speak nearly by the card) a thousand pair of eyes from the Pit alone were directed to his entry, and he met with a reception of loud and tumultuous applause, which lasted for several minutes. The change of scene, which had evidently agitated him, and this cheering manifestation of public feeling, seemed to excite his energies in no common degree, and we never witnessed a finer performance of the part. Without dwelling on every separate delineation, it is impossible to convey an idea of the beauties elicited. The fond Roman father, divested of the hardness of the Roman character and rendered natural, becomes in the middle play the active and patriotic centurion: then the murder of Dentatus fills him with the sense of wrong, and changes the direction of his aim, which is immediately raised into fury by the intelligence of his daughter's outrage. It is at this point that the grandeur and power of Macready's conception burst out into incomparable action. His meeting *Virginus* on his return to Rome is exquisitely tender; and his defence before the *Triumvir*, a mixture of the forcible and the affecting, the terrible and the pathetic, such as only he (as we think, upon the stage) could portray. The last act presents good pictures, but

is more dangerous, harsh, and artfully wrought up than truly touching and effective. Strangling on the stage, however, could not be attempted with impunity by any but a masterly performer; so that even in this we have a testimony of Macready's extraordinary abilities. His *Ugolino* look over the corpse of Appius is appalling, and, though brought about by the artificial introduction of the urn, his final dissolution into absorbing grief at the close is so admirably done as nearly to overpower the audience with similar feelings. It was curious to observe that this was so entirely prevalent as to stifle the plaudits; and it was not till they had recovered a little that the spectators could testify their approbation by the usual tokens of hand and voice, of which they had been so liberal from the beginning to the end of this noble performance.

The tragedy, for a first time, was, in other respects, altogether well cast and got up. Terry's *Dentatus* is, what it ought to be, blunt and straight-forward. Wallack acts and looks *Scilius* well. Of Mrs. West we cannot say so much; she greatly over-acts *Virginia*. It is not the quickly reiterated suspiration of forced breath, the rapid shutting and opening of the eyes, and the jerking of the head into the bosom and back again, which represent true terror, or sorrow, or any other passion. These are mere conventional and traditionary stage tricks, and were never more misplaced than in personating the simple Roman virgin. We beg Mrs. West, who is capable of better things, to take this hint in kindness. Mr. Archer was the Appius, and was respectable, which, in criticism, means not very good. Mrs. Glover did all that could be done for the Nurse.

On Tuesday, *The Dramatist* was well performed. Elliston's *Vapid* is capital; and Browne, in *Florville*, proved to us that in the lightest order of fops he is a man of weight, and an acquisition to the London boards.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready played *Rolla* in *Pizarro*, with all its needful fire and powers of declamation; but we consider this melodramatic production as past its day, and do not much care to see a great actor in it.

On Thursday, Munden, the foremost actor of the age in the old and sterling Comedy, began, we regret to say, his last season, as *Dornton*. We hope he will have opportunities of leaving a right impression of his unrivalled talents by playing in most of his leading characters.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday evening, Mr. Young resumed his former situation at this theatre, and appeared in the part of *Hamlet*—that part which first introduced him to a London audience, and ensured him their favour and protection. There are so many qualifications both of mind and person requisite for a proper delineation of this character; the author has placed the hero of his piece in situations at the same time so difficult, so dangerous, and so delicate, that it very rarely happens that any stage representation of the part affords us satisfaction, or at all reaches the ideal standard of excellence we have previously formed to ourselves upon the subject. With these prejudices and preconceived opinions to contend against, the attempt becomes doubly arduous; and the actor who shall have passed through this dramatic ordeal, and come forth with credit and applause, may justly consider himself from that time as fully

entitled to rank with the very first in his profession. Mr. Young's *Hamlet* has been many years before the public, and has consequently often been the subject of critical examination. To say that it is altogether perfect would be to say too much. It has the same beauties and the same defects that have always hitherto distinguished it; but we are so much more frequently called upon to admire than to censure, that upon the whole we think it may be fairly regarded as one of the best performances of the modern stage. To point out those particular scenes in which he may be considered as excelling, we should enumerate his first meeting with the Ghost: here his breathless expectation, the subdued tones of his voice, and the awful reverence with which he addresses the Spirit of his father, accord well with the time, the place, and all the circumstances relating to the action, and were in the best possible taste. His scene afterwards with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*, and that also during the performance of the play before the King, were able and effective; but the remonstrance with his mother in her closet was the most powerful of all. Here he literally surpassed himself, and his exertions were rewarded with thunders of applause. To say in what particular parts he was deficient, we might observe that his interview with *Ophelia*, and his quarrel with *Laertes* at the funeral, were not so happily hit off: the one was out of keeping with the rest of the character, and the other too much hurried. We might also remark, that he appears too often to lose sight of the doubt and indecision that are so strongly marked by the poet as the predominating feature in the mind of the young prince. He is drawn as a virtuous and honourable youth, overpowered by the weight and importance of the commission with which he is intrusted, and he consequently procrastinates and forms excuses to himself; and "lapsed in time and passion lets go by the important acting of that dread command," with the execution of which he had been so strictly charged. This "infirmity of purpose" he is himself so much aware of, that he constantly laments it, and at last, as it has been often and properly observed, it is only the immediate circumstance of his having been poisoned by the agency of the King, and the consciousness that, on account of his own approaching death, no other opportunity can occur to enable him to fulfil his pledge, that produces the necessary stimulus, rouses him to action, and, as it were, compels him to avenge the murder of his father. In Mr. Young's hands, *Hamlet* is more of the soldier than the scholar, more of the impetuous spirit that "sweeps to his revenge," than the affectionate son—a prey to melancholy, and who is "for ever with his veiled lids seeking his noble father in the dust." But these faults after all might not be many be considered as of any great consequence, and may be easily overlooked in the general beauty of the whole.—*Ophelia*, "the young the beautiful, the harmless and the pious," found an adequate representative in Miss Tree. She was "lovely to behold;" and the taste and feeling with which she executed the ballads in the fourth act vibrated to the heart, and beguiled her hearers of many a tear. Mrs. Faneit did full justice to the Queen, and Abbott and Connor were both respectable as *Laertes* and *Horatio*. Mr. Blanchard's *Polonius*, on the other hand, was but so-so: it was hard and dry, "it lacked advancement," it wanted light and shade, it

had little of the polish of the courtier to recommend it, and still less of the air of the Patrician. Our old favourite, Fawcett, has succeeded poor Emery in the Grave Digger; but we cannot, in the present instance, say much in his favour. He appeared in a hurry to get through his part, and, like a school-boy, looked delighted when his task was done. This gentleman indeed of late seems to think but lightly of his art. This is wrong—because the audience in that case will soon follow his example, and in their turn think lightly of him. He formerly enjoyed a high dramatic reputation, and we see no reason why he should cast it from him. We must likewise protest against Mr. Egerton's assumption of "the warlike form in which the majesty of buried Denmark did some time march." It is in truth a most slovenly affair: the hasty step, the flippant mode of speaking, and the utter want of grace and dignity, detract much from the appalling interest the presence of a supernatural being is always calculated to excite. It would perhaps be as well if he and Chapman were to exchange parts with each other: the quiet, correct, and even declamation of the latter, would agree well with the solemnity of the Ghost; and the portly figure and fair round face of the former, would be equally characteristic of the "bloated King," who is always thinking of "wine and was-sai," and lets no event pass that he does not convert into an occasion of indulging freely in his favourite vice. At all events, the sooner Mr. Egerton "gives up the Ghost" the better. The minor parts were, we believe, filled as usual; and, at the fall of the curtain, the audience were free and bounteous in their tokens of approbation.

Amongst the variety of changes that have lately taken place in the theatrical hemisphere, "the mutability of human affairs," as the Baillie Mucklethrit was wont to call it, has induced Mr. Cooper to quit the establishment of which he was so long a member, and enlist himself under the banners of the rival theatre. This gentleman must certainly be considered as an acquisition to the company, although we think that he will not find so wide a field here for the exercise of his talents as he did in his former situation; because many of the parts he has been in the habit of filling are in the hands of Kemble, and others are preoccupied by Abbott; but be this as it may, he made his appearance here on Tuesday evening, in the *Point of Honour*, and depicted the sorrows and afflictions of the unfortunate St. Francis with fidelity and skill. His reception was as favourable as he could himself have wished; and the piece, which had the additional support of C. Kemble and Miss Foote, was excellently acted throughout. To succeed this, we had a representation of the *Miller's Maid*, which is perhaps the prettiest specimen of domestic melodrama that the stage can boast. The plot is simple, the characters natural, and the language unaffected. Rayner, who made so favourable an impression in *Tyke*, assumed the character of Giles, and by his performance of it realized the most sanguine opinion we had formed of his ability. He is now become mellowed in the part. The force of jealousy working upon an ardent and uncultivated mind he delineates with the most powerful effect. His appeal to the feelings is absolutely irresistible; and callous and devoid of sympathy must that heart be that can withhold from him the tribute of a silent tear. Miss Foote was the heroine of the piece; and by her beauty, her delicacy,

and her chaste style of acting, served to heighten and, in fact, complete the illusion of the scene before us.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE on Wednesday concluded one of the most prosperous seasons it ever enjoyed. During the run of *Sweethearts and Wives*, the proprietors made hay while the sun shone not, for the weather was both cloudy and wet. But a successful Drama in the first instance, and a good Company in the second, aided by several light and amusing entertainments, have shown that even an empty Town may be attracted to a well conducted and well appointed Theatre.

#### THE DRESS CIRCLE.

EVERY body knows that there is magic in the Circle. If properly fenced, no unholy thing may have power to enter; and the guarded inside enjoy themselves in safety. It is the same in the Circle of Dress Boxes at Drury Lane. The keepers thereof are as good judges of costume as Beau Brummell himself; and it may save some of our slovenly readers from disappointment, to teach them the enchanted rules. Top-boots are not dress, but under a long great-coat they may pass in unobserved. White neckcloths and their opposites, blacks, are counted equally genteel and equally admissible; but beware of blue or green, or red, or any other colour except it happen to be so dirty as to look like black. None such can enter. Yet stripes occasionally pass muster or escape detection. Spurs, being military, are free: let the ladies take care of their own dresses. Whips are not objected to—the box-keepers being afraid to impede visitors so equipped. Surtouts have a mongrel fate; sometimes they go and sometimes not. Vests ad libitum; and Smalls ditto, only that some sort of Indispensables are indispensable. These are the chief regulations; and as characters were once determined at the doors of the Opera House, so now are costumes allowed or disallowed according to the taste and discretion of the Box-keepers!

We do not mean to say that a regard to propriety of dress is not desirable; but the system should be regular, and made known to the public through the usual channels for theatrical announcements.

Mr. Putnam, who met with very distinguished approbation, last season, at the Argyle Rooms, is, we understand, about to present his Readings and Recitations in the New Rooms at Bath.

#### VARIETIES.

A work which promises to be of great utility to the readers of *Blackstone's Commentaries* on the Laws of England is on the eve of publication; it is a translation of all the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian quotations in that work, as well as in the notes of Christian, Archbold, and Williams.

There is preparing for publication, Italian Tales, of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance, translated from various authors; with Drawings by Crnikshank.

*Periodical Rise and Fall of the Barometer.*—Colonel Wright, Member of the Ceylon Literary and Agricultural Society, is said to have discovered, that within the Tropics the mercury rises and falls twice within 24 hours, with such regularity as to afford almost an

opportunity of measuring the lapse of time by this instrument.—*Ceylon Gov. Gazette.*

*Crystallisation of Acetic Acid by Pressure.*—Mr. Perkins, we understand, has succeeded in crystallising acetic acid by the pressure of 1000 atmospheres. The transparent crystals thus formed are pure acid; and the residuum is acidulous water. Mr. Perkins has crystallised several other acids by the same means.

The Newspapers mention as a fact, that a herring sold in Ulverton market last week, had in its stomach a local copper farthing of the date of 1757. On one side, in the centre, were the letters W. P.; on the other, "Pro bono publico."

An Idler, lately looking, on the Quay, at the portrait of a celebrated French writer, engraved from a picture dated several years back, said, "It is like him; but I don't think the original is so high in stature." "Don't you perceive," replied the printseller, "that he was much higher before he became a minister!"

*Anecdote.*—The witty French General L. ex-aide-de-camp de Murat, roi de Naples, upon being presented to the very plain, but spirituelle Mademoiselle de M. daughter of General de M. ancien garde du corps de Louis XVI. was asked by the lady of the house what he thought of la figure de mademoiselle? "Ma foi, madame," said the General, "que voulez-vous que je vous dise? Je crois que c'est là-dessus qu'elle s'assoit!"

Bulls are not confined to Ireland. A Drury-lane playbill states, that an actor on his second appearance was greeted with the same UNPRECEDENTED success that attended his *entré*!!

*Human Female Hair.*—Ctesibius, in describing the different warlike instruments of his day, mentions the strings of bows, that were made of women's hair, which, from its length; having been nourished in its growth by oil ("multaque oleo nutriti") produced, when woven, bowstrings equal in strength to those made of thongs. Caesar, as well as several other ancient authors, records the magnanimity and devotion of the fair sex: When in besieged towns, and reduced to the last extremity, they have cut off their hair, that they might convert it to such uses—"tormenta effecerunt." Although the care which our fair country-women bestow on that ornament is not likely to contribute to our *machina bellica*, yet they find it no small addition to Love's arsenal, and not unfrequently shoot successful darts through its sinuous folds: thus ever their

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare."

*Insects in Amber.*—M. Schweigger having very attentively examined the insects contained in the bits of yellow amber of the coasts of Prussia, and which at first sight might be thought to be the same as the present insects of that country, has found that they in fact often belong to the same genera, but not to the same species as those living at the present day. Among the small number of insects described and figured in the work of this author, we observe, in particular, an unknown species of scorpion, and a spider which differs from all the species living at present, in not having the head of a single piece with the thorax. M. Germar, Professor at Halle, has given the result of a similar investigation in an Entomological Journal, where he tries to determine some species of those amber insects, the analogues of which are not found alive at the present day.



## HEROISM.

The plague raged more violently than ever in Marseilles. Every link of affection was broken, the father turned from the child, the child from the father: cowardice, ingratitude, no longer excited indignation. Misery is at its height when it thus destroys every generous feeling, thus dissolves every tie of humanity! The city became a desert, grass grew in the streets; a funeral met you at every step. The physicians assembled in a body at the *Hotel de Ville*, to hold a consultation on the fearful disease, for which no remedy had yet been discovered. After a long deliberation, they decided unanimously that the malady had a peculiar and mysterious character, which opening a corpse alone might develop,—an operation it was impossible to attempt, since the operator must infallibly become a victim in a few hours, beyond the power of human art to save him, as the violence of the attack would preclude their administering the customary remedies. A dead pauper succeeded this fatal declaration. Suddenly a surgeon named Guyon, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, rose and said firmly, "Be it so: I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He left the assembly instantly. They admire him, lament his fate, and doubt whether he will persist in his design. The intrepid and pious Guyon, animated by all the sublime energy religion can inspire, acted up to his words. He had never married, he was rich, and he immediately made a will, dictated by justice and piety; he confessed, and in the middle of the night received the sacraments. A man had died of the plague in his house within four and twenty hours: Guyon at day-break shut himself up in the same room; he took with him an inkstand, paper, and a little crucifix. Full of enthusiasm, never had he felt more firm or more collected: kneeling before the corpse, he wrote, "Mouldering remains of an immortal soul, not only can I gaze on thee without horror, but even with joy and gratitude. Thou wilt open to me the gates of a glorious eternity. In discovering to me the secret cause of the terrible disease which destroys my native city, thou wilt enable me to point out some salutary remedy—thou wilt render my sacrifice useful. Oh God! (continued he,) thou wilt bless the action thou hast thyself inspired." He began,—he finished the dreadful operation, and recorded in detail his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, and afterwards sought the lazaretto, where he died in twelve hours—a death ten thousand times more glorious than the warrior's, who to save his country rushes on the enemy's ranks, since he advances with hope, at least, sustained, admired, and seconded by a whole army.—*La Peste de Marseilles, by Madame de Genlis.*

## LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:

Black's Thucydides, with Latin, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—*Idem* (without Latin), 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Thucydides (Latin), 8vo. 12s.—Naval Records, Part I, 12mo. 6s.—Dibdin's Sen Songs, Part I, 8s.—Hermit in Prison, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.—Traditions of the Castle, 4 vols. 12mo. 36s.—Bunker's Daughter of Bristol, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Macler's Natural History, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Mendocino on New Remedies, &c. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—M'Kenzie's 500 Receipts, &c. square 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The General Gazetteer, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Dehany's

Turnpike Acts, 12mo. 6s.—Guide to Hastings, 8vo. 6s.—Abdy's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Young's Treatise on Algebra, 8vo. 12s.

**ASTRONOMY.**—It has ever been a considerable source of regret that so little attention is paid in our schools to the science of Astronomy. There are many young men who with laudable exertion have made themselves masters of Euclid, yet are ignorant of the name and place of a single star. This perhaps arises from the simplicity of means and frequency of opportunity for viewing the heavenly bodies. We contemplate them as things of course, and are there too apt to rest, without entering into the wonders and glories which every where present themselves. *Jupiter* and *Jupiter* have now become beautiful telescopic objects, affording a rich and gratifying sight to the lovers of science, and not confined to them alone. Saturn is visible a little below and to the right of the Seven stars, and may readily be known by his superior brightness and fixed light, without scintillation or twinkling. He has not fewer than seven moons, besides a beautiful and luminous ring surrounding his body, but detached from it; and small as this planet appears to us, it is nevertheless nearly 78,000 miles in diameter, and upwards of 900 millions of miles from the Sun: and though the Earth is at one season of the year 190 millions of miles higher to him than at another, yet we perceive no alteration in his size or appearance. Saturn for some time to come will continue to rise between the horns of Aries and even in N.E. direction. *Jupiter* rises between nine and ten, a little more to the Northward and to the right of the Twins. He has a brilliant and beautiful appearance, and is thereby easily distinguished. This planet is calculated to be 81,155 miles in diameter, and 254,958 in circumference; his axis is perpendicular to the plane of his orbit, consequently there is no variety of seasons, and the day is constantly illuminated. He turns on this axis once in about 9 hours 55 minutes of our time, and has several belts formed round him, which change in their appearances. He is attended by four satellites or moons, that revolve very regularly round him: the first three are eclipsed every revolution, and come in conjunction with him every seventh day. These eclipses are of very great importance, as they afford the readiest and best method of determining the longitudes of places on our globe; and it is much to be lamented that persons who visit distant countries do not more frequently make observations and report the results. The immersions or instant disappearance of the Satellite, by entering into the shadow of Jupiter, is carefully calculated for the Meridian of Greenwich in the Nautical Ephemeris, and the difference between this time and the time by a well-regulated clock or watch, under any other meridian where the same observation can be made, will give the longitude by allowing fifteen degrees to an hour of time.

The last Satellite of Jupiter will be eclipsed next Monday, 20th inst. visible in the latitude of London. The immersion will take place on the West side of the Planet at about 12 minutes after 10 in the evening, and, if clear, will afford considerable gratification to the observer possessed of a good glass. Jupiter will rise on that evening about 9 o'clock or a minute or two after that hour. His second Satellite will be eclipsed on the 3d November; the immersion taking place 11h 54, visible at London. On Monday next, likewise, after two in the morning, Mars may be seen close to Regulus in Leo. At three it will be due East about 18 degrees above the horizon.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

		Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ...	9	from 43 to 50	29.50 to 29.47
Friday .....	10	from 31 to 50	29.38 to 29.30
Saturday ...	11	from 31 to 52	28.92 to 29.09
Sunday .....	12	from 33 to 50	29.08 to 29.26
Monday .....	13	from 40 to 52	29.19 to 29.24
Tuesday .....	14	from 30 to 50	29.25 to 29.40
Wednesday 15		from 35 to 56	29.38 stat.

Prevailing winds SW. and SE.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine and showers alternately. Rain fallen  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch.

The upper part of a Lunar Halo was formed on Wednesday evening, slightly coloured.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pressure of other matters induces us to postpone our Epitomes of Millington's Natural Philosophy; which indeed we have conducted to a point at which we may well stop, if needful, and leave the volume so recommended to the public patronage.

Quill's communication is worthy of the bird whence his signature is derived. When he attempts another flight, he is welcome to stick this in his wing.

Pop! tries to be witty: he is in reverse,—poh!

Heaven help *Amabel*, we cannot.

We have no opinion of Anti-Wine. Does he not know that the wicked are all water drinkers,—a truism proved so long ago as the Deluge.

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